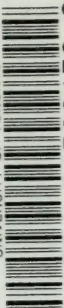


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THE POETICAL WORKS

of

ANDREW LANG

VOL. II



Walter L. Goff, Jr.

Wm. Henry

At Ingleborough.
about 1891.

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of
ANDREW LANG

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME II

VIII

SONNETS

	PAGE
The Sonnet	3
In Ithaca	4
Homer	5
Homeric Unity	6
The Odyssey	7
A Sonnet to Heavenly Beauty	8
Two Homes	9
San Terenzo	10
Love's Easter	11
Twilight	12
Two Sonnets of the Sirens	13
Herodotus in Egypt. From <i>Enterpe</i>	15
Metempsychosis	16
An Old Garden	17
A Star in the Night	18
Love's Miracle	19
Dreams	20
Lost in Hades	21
Natural Theology	22
To Izaak Walton	23
Lines after Wordsworth	24
The Spinnet	25

CAMEOS

	PAGE
Cameos	29
Helen on the Walls	30
The Isles of the Blessed	31
Death	33
Nysa	34
Colonus, I and II	35
The Passing of Ædipus	37
The Taming of Tyro	38
To Artemis	39
Criticism of Life	40
The Cannibal Zeus	41
Amaryllis	42
Invocation of Isis	43
The Coming of Isis	44

TO POETS

Jacques Tahureau	47
François Villon	48
Pierre Ronsard	49
Gérard de Nerval	50
The Death of Mirandola, 1494	51

IX

GAMES AND SPORT

CRICKET

Ballade of the Three Graces. W. G. E. M. G. F. . .	55
A Ballade of Mourning	57
The Old Cricketer's Lament	59
Death in June	60

CONTENTS

vii

	PAGE
Brahma. [After Emerson]	62
Ballade of Dead Cricketers	63
To Helen. [St. Leonard's Hall]	65
Ballade of Cricket. [To T. W. L.]	66
Lines in copy of <i>X^{XII} Ballades in Blue China</i>	68

GOLF

A Song of Life and Golf	69
Ode to Golf	71
The Royal Game of Golf	73
Off my Game	75

Ballade of Roulette	77
-------------------------------	----

FISHING

Piscatori Piscator. In Memory of Thomas Tod Stoddart	79
The Contented Angler	80
The Last Cast	82
Shameful Death	85
Piscatrix	87
The Salmo Irritans	88
The Last Chance	90
Scots Wha	91
The Philosophy of Fly-fishing	92

X

GHOSTS AND KINDRED SUBJECTS

The Haunted Homes of England	95
Ghosts in the Library	97
Gainsborough Ghosts	100
Ballade of a Choice of Ghosts	102

	PAGE
The Disappointment	104
The Haunted Tower	106
The Ballade of the Subconscious Self	109
Song by the Subconscious Self. (Rhymes made in a Dream)	111
Christmas Ghosts	112

XI

PICTURES and BUSTS

A Nativity of Sandro Botticelli	117
The Lille Bust	118
Ideal	119
A Portrait of 1783	120
Benedetta Ramus	122
Colinette	125
A Sunset of Watteau	127

XII

TRANSLATIONS

OLD FRENCH POETS

Spring	<i>Charles d'Orléans</i> , 1391-1465	131
Rondel		132
Rondel	<i>François Villon</i> , 1431-1484	133
Arbor Amoris		134
Ballade of the Gibbet		136
Hymn to the Winds	<i>Joachim Du Bellay</i> , 1524-1560	138
A Vow to Heavenly Venus	„ „	139
To his Friend in Elysium	„ „	140

CONTENTS

ix

	PAGE
April	141
Roses	145
The Rose	146
To the Moon	147
To his Young Mistress	148
Deadly Kisses	150
Of his Lady's Old Age	151
His Lady's Waking	152
His Lady's Death	153
His Lady's Tomb	154
Shadows of his Lady	155
Moonlight	156
Love in May	157
Ballade of Dead Ladies	159
Villon's Ballade of Good Counsel	161
Ballade of Worldly Wealth	163
Ballade Amoureuse	165
Ballade of Blind Love	167
Nightingale Weather	169
À la Belle Hélène	171
The Grave and the Rose	173
The Birth of Butterflies	174
More Strong than Time	175
An Old Tune	177
Juana	178
Spring in the Students' Quarter	180
Old Loves	182
Musette	184
The Moon's Minion	187
The Burial of Molière	189
Before the Snow	190
Britannia	191

FROM THE LATIN

	PAGE
Poscimur <i>From Horace</i>	195
Chloë " "	197
Nugæ Catullinæ	198
From Martial	200
Martial in Town	201
Classics for Clubmen	203
In Praise of Frugality <i>Pope Leo XIII</i>	204
To Daniel Elzevir <i>From the Latin of Ménage</i>	208

FROM THE GREEK

The Song of Orpheus <i>From the Orphic Argonautica</i>	213
On his Dead Sea-mew	214
The Sailor's Grave	214
From Meleager	215
Spring <i>After Meleager</i>	216
Bion	217
On the Garland sent to Rhodocleia <i>Rufinus</i>	218
Triolets after Moschus	219
<i>Iliad</i> XXIV, 468	220
From Athenæus	222
The Cloud Chorus <i>From Aristophanes</i>	223

THE LITTLE GARLAND

Sea Dirge <i>Archias of Byzantium</i>	227
The Age of Wisdom <i>Philodemus of Gadara</i>	228
Cleophrantis <i>Paulus Silentiarius</i>	229
Nicarete <i>Uncertain</i>	230
The Spinning Woman <i>Leonidas of Tarentum</i>	231
From Diotimus (or Leonidas)	232
Heraclitus <i>Callimachus</i>	233

CONTENTS

xi

	PAGE
Gifts	<i>Antipater of Sidon</i> 234
Changeful Beauty	<i>Anon.</i> 235
Rhodanthe	<i>Agathias</i> 236
The Prophet	<i>Antiphilus</i> 237
Lais	<i>Pompeius</i> 238
Clearista	<i>Meleager</i> 239
The Fisherman's Tomb	<i>Leonidas of Tarentum</i> 240
Of his Death	<i>Meleager</i> 241
Rhodope	<i>Rufinus</i> 242
To a Girl	<i>Asclepiades</i> 243
To the Ships	<i>Meleager</i> 244
Sappho	<i>Antipater of Sidon</i> 245
Erinna	" " 246
A Late Convert	<i>Paulus Silentiarius</i> 247
The Limit of Life	 248
Winter Roses	<i>Cymagoras</i> 249
The Wayside Well	<i>Leonidas</i> 250
To the Nymphs	<i>Moero</i> 251
The Talisman	<i>Anon.</i> 252
To Pan and the Nymphs	<i>Anyte</i> 253
To Demeter and the Hours	<i>Zonas</i> 254
To Aphrodite of the Fair Voyage	<i>Getulius</i> 255
To the Sea	<i>Asclepiades</i> 256
Dewy Garlands	" 257
Telling the Bees	<i>Anon.</i> 258
Heliodore	<i>Meleager</i> 259
A Good-night	 260
Heliodore Dead	<i>Meleager</i> 261

VIII
SONNETS

The Sonnet

POET, beware! The sonnet's primrose path
Is all too tempting for thy feet to tread.

Not on this journey shalt thou earn thy bread,
Because the sated reader roars in wrath:

‘Little indeed to say the singer hath,
And little sense in all that he hath said;
Such rhymes are lightly writ but hardly read,
And naught but stubble is his aftermath.’

Then shall he cast that bonny book of thine
Where the extreme waste-paper basket gapes;
There shall thy futile fancies peak and pine,
With other minor poets—pallid shapes,
Who come a long way short of the divine,
Tormented souls of imitative apes.

In Ithaca

‘And now am I greatly repenting that ever I left my life with thee, and the immortality thou didst promise me.’—*Letter of Odysseus to Calypso*.
Luciani *Vera Historia*.

’**T**IS thought Odysseus, when the strife was o’er
With all the waves and wars, a weary while,
Grew restless in his disenchanted isle,
And still would watch the sunset, from the shore,
Go down the ways of gold ; and evermore
His sad heart followed after, mile on mile,
Back to the goddess of the magic wile,
Calypso, and the love that was of yore.

Thou too, thy haven gained, must turn thee yet
To look across the sad and stormy space,
Years of a youth as bitter as the sea,
Ah, with a heavy heart, and eyelids wet ;
Because, within a fair forsaken place
The life that might have been is lost to thee.

Homer

HOMER, thy song men liken to the sea
With all the notes of music in its tone,
With tides that wash the dim dominion
Of Hades, and light waves that laugh in glee
Around the isles enchanted ; nay, to me
Thy verse seems as the river of source unknown
That glasses Egypt's temples overthrown
In his sky-nurtured stream, eternally.

No wiser we than men of heretofore
To find thy sacred fountains guarded fast ;
Enough, thy flood makes green our human shore,
As Nilus Egypt, rolling down his vast,
His fertile flood, that murmurs evermore
Of gods dethroned, and empires in the past.

Homeric Unity

THE sacred keep of Ilion is rent
By shaft and pit ; foiled waters wander slow
Through plains where Simois and Scamander went
To war with gods and heroes long ago.
Not yet to tired Cassandra, lying low
In rich Mycenae, do the fates relent :
The bones of Agamemnon are a show
And ruined is his royal monument.

The dust and awful treasures of the dead
Hath learning scattered wide ; but vainly thee,
Homer, she meteth with her tool of lead,
And strives to rend thy songs ; too blind to see
The crown that burns on thine immortal head
Of indivisible supremacy !

The Odyssey

AS one that for a weary space has lain
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine,
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
Where that Ææan isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
And only shadows of wan lovers pine;
As such an one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips, and the large air again—

So gladly, from the songs of modern speech
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers;
And, through the music of the languid hours,
They hear like ocean on a western beach
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

A Sonnet to Heavenly Beauty

DU BELLAY

IF this our little life is but a day
In the Eternal—if the years in vain
Toil after hours that never come again—
If everything that hath been must decay,
Why dreamest thou of joys that pass away
My soul, that my sad body doth restrain?
Why of the moment's pleasure art thou fain?
Nay, thou hast wings—nay, seek another stay.

There is the joy whereto each soul aspires,
And there the rest that all the world desires;
And there is love, and peace, and gracious mirth;
And there in the most highest heavens shalt thou
Behold the Very Beauty, whereof now
Thou worshipp'st the shadow upon earth.

Two Homes

To a young English lady in the Hospital of the Wounded at
Carlsruhe, Sept. 1870.

WHAT does the dim gaze of the dying find
To waken dream or memory, seeing you?

In your sweet eyes what other eyes are blue,
And in your hair what gold hair on the wind
Floats of the days gone almost out of mind?
In deep green valleys of the Fatherland

He may remember girls with locks like thine—
May dream how, where the waiting angels stand,

Some lost love's eyes are dim before they shine
With welcome:—so past homes, or homes to be,
He sees a moment, ere, a moment blind,

He crosses death's inhospitable sea,
And with brief passage of those barren lands
Comes to the home that is not made with hands.

San Terenzo

(The village in the bay of Spezia, near which Shelley was living before
the wreck of the *Don Juan*)

MID April seemed like some November day,
When through the glassy waters dull as lead
Our boat, like shadowy barques that bear the dead,
Slipped down the curved shores of the Spezian bay,
Rounded a point—and San Terenzo lay
Before us, that gay village, yellow and red,
The roof that covered Shelley's homeless head—
His house, a place deserted, bleak and gray.

The waves broke on the door-step; fishermen
Cast their long nets, and drew, and cast again.

Deep in the ilex woods we wandered free,
When suddenly the forest glades were stirred
With waving pinions, and a great sea-bird
Flew forth, like Shelley's spirit, to the sea!

Love's Easter

LOVE died here
Long ago ;
O'er his bier
Lying low,
Poppies throw ;
Shed no tear ;
Year by year,
Roses blow !

Year by year,
Adon—dear
To Love's queen—
Does not die !
Wakes when green
May is nigh !

Twilight

(AFTER RICHEPIN)

LIGHT has flown !
Through the gray
The wind's way,
The sea's moan
Sound alone !
For the day
These repay
And atone !

Scarce I know,
Listening so
To the streams
Of the sea,
If old dreams
Sing to me !

Two Sonnets of the Sirens

‘Les Sirènes estoient tant intimes amies et fidelles compagnes de Proserpine, qu’elles estoient toujours ensemble. Esmues du juste deuil de la perte de leur chère compagne, et ennuyees jusques au desespoir, elles s’arrestèrent à la mer Sicilienne, où par leurs chants elles attiroient les navigans, mais l’unique fin de la volupté de leur musique est la Mort.’

—PONTUS DE TYARD, 1570.

I

THE Sirens once were maidens innocent
That through the water-meads with Proserpine
Plucked no fire-hearted flowers, but were content
Cool fritillaries and flag-flowers to twine,
With lilies woven and with wet woodbine;
Till once they sought the bright Etnæan flowers,
And their bright mistress fled from summer hours
With Hades, down the irremeable decline.

And they have sought her all the wide world through,
Till many years, and wisdom, and much wrong
Have filled and changed their song, and o’er the blue
Rings deadly sweet the magic of the song;
And whoso hears must listen till he die
Far on the flowery shores of Sicily.

II

SO is it with this singing art of ours,
That once with maids went maidenlike, and played
With woven dances in the poplar-shade ;
And all her song was but of lady's bowers
And the returning swallows, and spring-flowers,
Till forth to seek a shadow-queen she strayed,
A shadowy land ; and now hath overweighed
Her singing chaplet with the snow and showers.

Yea, fair well-water for the bitter brine
She left, and by the margin of life's sea
Sings, and her song is full of the sea's moan,
And wild with dread, and love of Proserpine ;
And whoso once has listened to her, he
His whole life long is slave to her alone.

*Herodotus in Egypt*¹

HE left the land of youth, he left the young,
The smiling gods of Greece ; he passed the isle
Where Jason loitered, and where Sappho sung ;
He sought the secret-founted wave of Nile,
And of their old world, dead a weary while,
Heard the priests murmur in their mystic tongue,
And through the fanes went voyaging, among
Dark tribes that worshipped cat and crocodile.

He learned the tales of death divine and birth,
Strange loves of hawk and serpent, sky and earth,
The marriage, and the slaying of the sun.
The shrines of gods and beasts he wandered through,
And mocked not at their godhead, for he knew
Behind all creeds the Spirit that is One.

¹ From *Euterpe*.

Metempsychosis

I SHALL not see thee, nay, but I shall know
Perchance, thy gray eyes in another's eyes—
Shall guess thy curls in gracious locks that flow
 On purest brows, yea, and the swift surmise
 Shall follow and track, and find thee in disguise
Of all sad things and fair, where sunsets glow,
When through the scent of heather, faint and low,
 The weak wind whispers to the day that dies.

From all sweet art, and out of all old rhyme,
 Thine eyes and lips are light and song to me;
The shadows of the beauty of all time,
 In song or story are but shapes of thee;
Alas, the shadowy shapes! ah, sweet my dear,
Shall life or death bring all thy being near?

An Old Garden

THE autumn sun is warm, the soft winds moan,
The golden fruits make sweet September air
In gardens where the apple blossoms were
Through these old Aprils that we twain have known.
I pass along the pathways overgrown ;
Of all the flowers a single poppy there
Droops her tired head, a faded flower and fair,
One poppy that the wandering breeze hath sown.

Here be no roses, and thou lack'st the rose ;
No lilies fragrant in the lily bed ;
One poppy in the bare untended close,
Droops, and the sun is shrouded overhead ;
The gray sea-mist upon the sea-wind blows
Chill ; and methinks the summer-time is dead.

A Star in the Night

THE perfect piteous beauty of thy face
Is like a star the dawning drives away ;
Mine eyes may never see in the bright day
Thy pallid halo, thy supernal grace ;
But in the night from forth the silent place
Thou comest, dim in dreams, as doth a stray
Star of the starry flock that in the gray
Is seen, and lost, and seen a moment's space.

And as the earth at night turns to a star,
Loved long ago, and dearer than the sun,
So in the spiritual place afar
At night our souls are mingled and made one,
And wait till one night fall, and one dawn rise,
That brings no noon too splendid for your eyes.

Love's Miracle

WITH other helpless folk about the gate,
The gate called Beautiful, with weary eyes
That take no pleasure in the summer skies,
Nor all things that are fairest, does she wait ;
So bleak a time, so sad a changeless fate
Makes her with dull experience early wise,
And in the dawning and the sunset, sighs
That all hath been, and shall be, desolate.

Ah, if love come not soon, and bid her live,
And know herself the fairest of fair things ;
Ah, if he have no healing gift to give,
Warm from his breast, and holy from his wings ;
Or if at least love's shadow in passing by
Touch not and heal her, surely she must die.

Dreams

HE spake not truth, however wise, who said
That happy and that hapless men in sleep
Have equal fortune, fallen from care as deep
As countless, careless races of the dead.
Not so, for alien paths of dreams we tread,
And one beholds the faces that he sighs
In vain to bring before his daylit eyes,
And waking, he remembers on his bed.

And one with fainting heart and feeble hand
Fights a dim battle in a doubtful land,
Where strength and courage were of no avail ;
And one is borne on fairy breezes far
To the bright harbours of a golden star,
Down fragrant fleeting waters rosy pale.

Lost in Hades

I DREAMED that, somewhere in the shadowy place,
Grief of farewell unspoken was forgot
In welcome, and regret remembered not;
And hopeless prayer accomplished turned to praise
On lips that had been songless many days;
Hope had no more to hope for, and desire
And dread were overpast; in white attire
New born we walked among the new world's ways!

Then from the press of shades a spirit threw
Towards me such apples as these gardens bear,
And turning, I was 'ware of her, and knew
And followed her fleet voice and flying hair—
Followed, and found her not, and seeking you
I found you never, dearest, anywhere.

Natural Theology

ἐπεὶ καὶ τοῦτον οἴομαι ἀθανάτοισιν
εὐχέσθαι, πάντες δὲ θεῶν χατίουσ' ἄνθρωποι.

Od. iii. 47.

‘ONCE CAGN was like a father, kind and good,
But he was spoiled by fighting many things;
He wars upon the lions in the wood,
And breaks the thunder-bird’s tremendous wings;
But still we cry to him—*We are thy brood—*
O Cagn, be merciful! and us he brings
To herds of elands, and great store of food,
And in the desert opens water-springs.’

So Qing, King Nqsha’s Bushman hunter, spoke,
Beside the camp-fire, by the fountain fair,
When all were weary, and clouds of smoke
Were fading, fragrant in the twilit air;
And suddenly in each man’s heart there woke
A pang, a sacred memory of prayer.

To Izaak Walton

OLD Izaak, in this angry age of ours—
This hungry, angry age—how oft of thee
We dream, and thy divine tranquillity ;
And all thy pleasure in the dewy flowers,
The meads enamelled, and the singing showers,
And shelter of the silvery willow-tree,
By quiet waters of the river Lea !
Ah, happy hours ! we cry – ah, halcyon hours !

Yet thou, like us, hadst trouble for this realm
Of England : for thy dear Church mocked and rent,
Thy friends in beggary, thy monarch slain,
But naught could thy mild spirit overwhelm.
Ah, Father Izaak, teach us thy content
When time brings many a sorrow back again !

Lines after Wordsworth

Written under the influence of Wordsworth, with a slate-pencil on a window of the dining-room at the Lowood Hotel, Windermere, while waiting for tea after being present at the Grasmere Sports on a very wet day, and in consequence of a recent perusal of *Belinda*, a novel by Miss Broughton, whose absence is regretted.

HOW solemn is the front of this hotel,
When now the hills are swathed in modest mist,
And none can speak of scenery, nor tell
Of 'tints of amber'; or of 'amethyst'.
Here once thy daughters, young romance, did dwell;
Here *Sara* flirted with whoever list,
Belinda loved not wisely but too well,
And *Mr. Ford* played the philologist!

Haunted the house is, and the balcony
Where that fond matron knew her lover near;
And here we sit, and wait for tea, and sigh,
While the sad rain sobs in the sullen mere;
And all our hearts go forth into the cry—
Would that the teller of the tale were here!

The Spinet

MY heart's an old spinet with strings
 To laughter chiefly tuned, but some
 That fate has practised hard on, dumb;
 They answer not whoever sings.
 The ghosts of half-forgotten things
 Will touch the keys with fingers numb,
 The little mocking spirits come
 And thrill it with their fairy wings.

A jingling harmony it makes
 My heart—my lyre—my old spinet;
 And now a memory it wakes,
 And now the music means 'forget';
 And little heed the player takes
 Howe'er the thoughtful critic fret.

Spinet. The accent is on the last foot, even when the word is written *spinnet*. Compare the remarkable liberty which Pamela took with the 137th Psalm:

My Joys and Hopes all overthrown,
 My Heartstrings almost broke,
 Unfit my Mind for Melody,
 Much less to bear a Joke.
 But yet, if from my Innocence
 I, even in Thought, should slide,
 Then, let my fingers quite forget
 The sweet Spinnet to guide!

Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded, vol. 1, p. 184, 1785.

A. L.

CAMEOS

SONNETS FROM THE ANTIQUE

These versions from classical passages are pretty close to the original, except where compression was needed, as in the sonnets from Pausanias and Apuleius, or where, as in the case of fragments of Æschylus and Sophocles, a little expansion was required.

Cameos

THE graver by Apollo's shrine
Before the gods had fled, would stand,
A shell or onyx in his hand,
To copy there the face divine;
Till earnest touches, line by line,
Had wrought the wonder of the land
Within a beryl's golden band,
Or on some fiery opal fine.
Ah! would that, as some ancient ring
To us, on shell or stone, doth bring
Art's marvels perished long ago,
So I, within the sonnet's space,
The large Hellenic lines might trace,
The statue in the cameo!

Helen on the Walls

(*Iliad*, iii. 146.)

FAIR Helen to the Scæan portals came,
Where sat the elders—peers of Priamus—
Thymoetas, Hiketaon, Panthöus,
And many another of a noble name,
Famed warriors, now in council more of fame.
Always above the gates, in converse thus
They chattered like cicalas garrulous;
Who marking Helen, swore ‘it is no shame
That armed Achæan knights, and Ilian men
For such a woman’s sake should suffer long.
Fair as a deathless goddess seemeth she.
Nay, but aboard the red-prowed ships again
Home let her pass in peace, not working wrong
To us, and children’s children yet to be.’

The Isles of the Blessed

Pindar, Fr., 106, 107 (95): B. 4, 129-130, 109 (97): B. 4, 132.

NOW the light of the sun, in the night of the earth,
on the souls of the true
Shines, and their city is girt with the meadow where
reigneth the rose;
And deep is the shade of the woods, and the wind that
flits o'er them and through,
Sings of the sea, and is sweet from the isles where the
frankincense blows.
Green is their garden and orchard, with rare fruits golden
it glows,
And the souls of the Blessed are glad in the pleasures
on earth that they knew,
And in chariots these have delight, and in dice and in
minstrelsy those;
And the savour of sacrifice clings to the altars and rises
anew.

But the souls that Persephone cleanses from ancient
pollution and stain,

These at the end of the age—be they prince, be they
singer, or seer—

These to the world shall be born as of old, shall be sages
again ;

These of their hands shall be hardy, shall live, and shall
die, and shall hear

Thanks of the people, and songs of the minstrels that
praise them amain,

And their glory shall dwell in the land where they
dwelt, while year calls unto year !

*Death**(Æsch., Fr., 156.)*

O F all gods Death alone
Disdaineth sacrifice :
No man hath found or shown
The gift that Death would prize.
In vain are songs or sighs,
Pæan, or praise, or moan ;
Alone beneath the skies
Hath Death no altar-stone !

There is no head so dear
That men would grudge to Death ;
Let Death but ask, we give
All gifts that we may live ;
But though Death dwells so near,
We know not what he saith.

Nysa

(*Soph.*, *Fr.*, 235; *Aesch.*, *Fr.*, 56.)

ON these Nysæan shores divine
The clusters ripen in a day.
At dawn the blossom shreds away;
The berried grapes are green and fine
And full by noon; in day's decline
They're purple with a bloom of gray;
And e'er the twilight plucked are they,
And crushed, by nightfall, into wine.

But through the night with torch in hand
Down the dusk hills the maenads fare;
The bull-voiced mummers roar and blare,
The muffled timbrels swell and sound,
And drown the clamour of the band
Like thunder moaning underground.

*Colonus**(Æd. Col., 667-705.)*

I

HERE be the fairest homes the land can show,
The silvery-cliffed Colonus ; always here
The nightingale doth haunt and singeth clear,
For well the deep green gardens doth she know.
Groves of the god, where winds may never blow,
Nor men may tread, nor noontide sun may peer
Among the myriad-berried ivy dear,
Where Dionysus wanders to and fro.

For here he loves to dwell, and here resort
These nymphs that are his nurses and his court ;
And golden eyed beneath the dewy boughs
The crocus burns, and the narcissus fair
Clusters his blooms to crown thy clustered hair,
Demeter, and to wreathe the maiden's brows !

II

YEA, here the dew of heaven upon the grain
Fails never, nor the ceaseless water-spring,
Near neighbour of Cephisus wandering,
That day by day revisiteth the plain.
Nor do the goddesses the grove disdain,
But chiefly here the Muses quire and sing,
And here they love to weave their dancing ring,
With Aphrodite of the golden rein.

And here there springs a plant that knoweth not
The Asian mead, nor that great Dorian isle,
Unsown, untilled, within our garden plot
It dwells—the gray-leaved olive ; ne’er shall guile
Nor force of foemen root it from the spot :
Zeus and Athene guarding it the while !

The Passing of Ædipus

(*Æd. Col.*, 1655-1666.)

HOW Ædipus departed, who may tell
Save Theseus only? for there neither came
The burning bolt of thunder and the flame
To blast him into nothing, nor the swell
Of sea-tide spurred by tempest on him fell.
But some diviner herald none may name
Called him, or inmost earth's abyss became
The painless place where such a soul might dwell.

Howe'er it chanced, untouched of malady,
Unharm'd by fear, unfollowed by lament,
With comfort on the twilight way he went,
Passing, it ever man did, wondrously;
From this world's death to life, divinely rent,
Unschool'd in time's last lesson, how we die.

The Taming of Tyro

(*Soph*, *Fr.*, 587.)

(Sidero, the stepmother of Tyro daughter of Salmoneus, cruelly entreated her in all things, and chiefly in this, that she let sheer her beautiful hair.)

AT fierce Sidero's word the thralls drew near,
And shore the locks of Tyro—like ripe corn
They fell in golden harvest; but forlorn
The maiden shuddered in her pain and fear,
Like some wild mare that cruel grooms in scorn
Hunt in the meadows, and her mane they sheer,
And drive her where, within the waters clear,
She spies her shadow, and her shame doth mourn.

Ah! hard were he and pitiless of heart
Who, marking that wild thing made weak and tame,
Broken, and grieving for her glory gone,
Could mock her grief; but scornfully apart
Sidero stood, and watched a wind that came
And tossed the curls like fire that flew and shone!

To Artemis

(*Hippol.*, *Eurip.*, 73-87.)

FOR thee soft crowns in thine untrampled mead
I wove, my lady, and to thee I bear;
Thither no shepherd drives his flocks to feed,
Nor scythe of steel has ever laboured there;
Nay, through the spring among the blossoms fair
The brown bee comes and goes, and with good heed
Thy maiden, Reverence, sweet streams doth lead
About the grassy close that is her care!

Souls only that are gracious and serene
By gift of god, in human lore unread,
May pluck these holy blooms and grasses green
That now I wreathe for thine immortal head—
I that may walk with thee, thyself unseen,
And by thy whispered voice am comforted.

Criticism of Life

(*Hippol.*, *Eurip.*, 252-266.)

LONG life hath taught me many things, and shown
That lukewarm loves for men who die are best ;
Weak wine of liking let them mix alone,
Not love, that stings the soul within the breast ;
Happy, who wears his love-bonds lightliest,
Now cherished, now away at random thrown !
Grievous it is for other's grief to moan,
Hard that my soul for thine should lose her rest !

Wise ruling this of life : but yet again
Perchance too rigid diet is not well ;
He lives not best who dreads the coming pain
And shunneth each delight desirable :
Flee thou extremes, this word alone is plain,
Of all that God hath given to Man to spell !

The Cannibal Zeus

A. D. 160.

Καὶ ἔθυσε τὸ βρέφος, καὶ ἔσπεισεν ἐπὶ τοῦ βωμοῦ τὸ αἷμα—ἐπὶ τούτου τοῦ βωμοῦ τῷ Διὶ θυοῦσιν ἐν ἀπορρητῷ.—*Paus.* viii. 38.

NONE elder city doth the sun behold
 Than ancient Lycosura ; 'twas begun
 Ere Zeus the meat of mortals learned to shun ;
 And here hath he a grove whose haunted fold
 The driven deer seek and huntsmen dread : 'tis told
 That whoso fares within that forest dun
 Thenceforth shall cast no shadow in the sun,
 Ay, and within the year his life is cold !

Hard by dwelt he ¹ who, while the gods deigned eat
 At good men's tables, gave them dreadful meat,
 A child he slew :—his mountain altar green
 Here still hath Zeus, with rites untold of me,
 Piteous, but as they are, let these things be,
 And as from the beginning they have been !

¹ Lycaon, the first werewolf.

*Amaryllis**(Theocritus, Idyll, iii.)*

FAIR Amaryllis, wilt thou never peep
From forth the cave, and call me, and be mine?
Lo, apples ten I bear thee from the steep,
These didst thou long for, and all these are thine.
Ah, would I were a honey-bee to sweep
Through ivy, and the bracken, and woodbine;
To watch thee waken, love, and watch thee sleep,
Within thy grot below the shadowy pine.

Now know I Love, a cruel god is he,
The wild beast bare him in the wild wood drear;
And truly to the bone he burneth me.
But, black-browed Amaryllis, ne'er a tear,
Nor sigh, nor blush, nor aught have I from thee;
Nay, nor a kiss, a little gift and dear.

*Invocation of Isis**(Apuleius, Metamorph. XI.)*

THOU that art sandalled on immortal feet
With leaves of palm, the prize of victory ;
Thou that art crowned with snakes and blossoms sweet,
Queen of the silver dew and shadowy sky,
I pray thee by all names men name thee by !
Demeter, come, and leave the yellow wheat !
Or Aphrodite, let thy lovers sigh !
Or Dian, from thine Asian temple fleet !

Or, yet more dread, divine Persephone
From worlds of wailing spectres, ah, draw near ;
Approach, Selene, from thy subject sea ;
Come, Artemis, and this night spare the deer :
By all thy names and rites I summon thee,
By all thy rites and names, Our Lady, hear !

The Coming of Isis

SO Lucius prayed, and sudden, from afar,
Floated the locks of Isis, shone the bright
Crown that is tressed with berry, snake, and star ;
She came in deep blue raiment of the night,
Above her robes that now were snowy white,
Now golden as the moons of harvest are,
Now red, now flecked with many a cloudy bar,
Now stained with all the lustre of the light.

Then he who saw her knew her, and he knew
The awful symbols borne in either hand ;
The golden urn that laves Demeter's dew,
The handles wreathed with asps, the mystic wand ;
The shaken seistron's music, tinkling through
The temples of that old Osirian land.

TO POETS

I

Jacques Tahureau

AH thou ! that, undeceived and unregretting,
Saw'st death so near thee on the flowery way,
And with no sigh that life was near the setting,
Took'st the delight and dalliance of the day ;
Happy thou wert, to live and pass away
Ere life or love had done thee any wrong ;
Ere thy wreath faded, or thy locks grew gray,
Or summer came to lull thine April song,
Sweet as all shapes of sweet things unfulfilled —
Buds bloomless, and the broken violet,
The first spring days, the sounds and scents thereof ;
So clear thy fire of song, so early chilled,
So brief, so bright thy life that gaily met
Death, for thy death came hand in hand with love.

II

François Villon

LIST, all that love light mirth, light tears, and all
That know the heart of shameful loves, or pure ;
That know delights depart, desires endure,
A fevered tribe of ghosts funereal,
Widowed of dead delights gone out of call ;
List, all that deem the glory of the rose
Is brief as last year's suns, or last year's snows
The new suns melt from off the sundial.

All this your master Villon knew and sung ;
Despised delights, and faint foredone desire,
And shame, a deathless worm, a quenchless fire ;
And laughter from the heart's last sorrow wrung,
When half-repentance but makes evil whole,
And prayer that cannot help wears out the soul.

III

Pierre Ronsard

MASTER, I see thee with the locks of gray,
Crowned by the Muses with the laurel-wreath;
I see the roses hiding underneath,
Cassandra's gift; she was less dear than they.
Thou, Master, first hast roused the lyric lay—
The sleeping song that the dead years bequeath—
Hast sung sweet answer to the songs that breathe
Through ages, and through ages far away.

And thou hast heard the pulse of Pindar beat,
Known Horace by the fount Bandusian!
Their deathless line thy living strains repeat,
But ah! thy voice is sad, thy roses wan,
But ah! thy honey is not cloying sweet,
Thy bees have fed on yews Sardinian.

IV

Gérard de Nerval

OF all that were thy prisons—ah, untamed,
Ah, light and sacred soul!—none holds thee now;
No wall, no bar, no body of flesh, but thou
Art free and happy in the lands unnamed,
Within whose gates, on weary wings and maimed,
Thou still wouldst bear that mystic golden bough
The Sibyl doth to singing men allow,
Yet thy report folk heeded not, but blamed.

And they would smile and wonder, seeing where
Thou stood'st, to watch light leaves, or clouds, or wind,
Dreamily murmuring a ballad air,
Caught from the Valois peasants; dost thou find
A new life gladder than the old times were,
A love more fair than Sylvie and as kind?

V

The Death of Mirandola

‘The Queen of Heaven appeared, comforting him and promising that he should not utterly die.’—THOMAS MORE, *Life of Pico, Earl of Mirandola*.

STRANGE lilies came with autumn ; new and old
Were mingling, and the old world passed away,
And the night gathered, and the shadows gray
Dimmed the kind eyes and dimmed the locks of gold,
And face belovèd of Mirandola.

The Virgin then, to comfort him and stay,
Kissed the thin cheek, and kissed the lips acold,
The lips unkissed of women many a day.

Nor she alone, for queens of the old creed,
Like rival queens that tended Arthur, there
Were gathered, Venus in her mourning weed,
Pallas and Dian ; wise, and pure, and fair
Was he they mourned, who living did not wrong
One altar of its dues of wine and song.

IX

GAMES AND SPORT

CRICKET, GOLF, FISHING

Ballade of the Three Graces

W. G. E. M. G. F.¹

IN the mountains and meadows of Greece,
In the holy, the delicate air,
When Pan was the piper of peace,
When the satyrs were all debonair,
In the days dear to old Lemprière,
The Graces would frolic and bound.
Our Graces are still, we declare,
The best men in England, all round!

Though the season of midsummer cease
The blossom of Hellas to bear,
Though the critics, a cohort of geese,
Deny that dame Venus is fair,
The Graces, at least are 'all there',
And no better bats to be found,
And at point, or at long-leg, or square,
The best men in England, all round!

¹ The three brothers whose prowess at cricket was the pride of Gloucestershire.

May Gilbert abide in the crease !

And the bowling of Fred may it scare !

And the slows of the coroner tease

The colonists hugely that dare !

Go smite them, ye brethren, nor spare !

Till the glades of St. John's Wood resound

With the cheers that are surely your share,

The best men in England, all round !

ENVOY

Old Glostershire, cast away care,

And go in for a new county ground.

Green mother of cricketers rare,

The best men in England, all round !

A Ballade of Mourning

1878

(THE AUSTRALIANS AT LORD'S)

THE glories of the ball and bat,
Alas! are unsubstantial things;
Fate lays the stoutest wicket flat,
Nor spares the game's anointed kings.
Look on these 'duck's-eggs'—ranged in strings;
Hark to that shout—a losing cheer!
Ah me! (the question soothes and stings)
Where are the scores of yester-year?

I'll wear a willow round my hat
This day of days for many springs,
And sitting where the patriarch sat,
Spend the sad hours in murmurings
That fortune should have spread her wings
And sought the lower hemisphere,
Singing, as melancholy sings,
'Where are the scores of yester-year?'

The stump of Grace is taken—pat!

Vain is the sceptre Hornby swings;
Webbe, Ridley, Hearne—on this and that
The bowlers' craft destruction brings.

Fatal and strange, like stones from slings,
Arc Spofforth's 'fasts', and Boyle's. Oh, dear!

Lord's with the lamentation sings,
'Where are the scores of yester-year?'

ENVOY

Prince, though I know how fortune flings
Her darts, and how they disappear,
This thought my bosom racks and wrings—
Where *are* the scores of yester-year?

The Old Cricketer's Lament

AH, known or unknown playfellows
Whom still the old Pavilion hears
Serenely critical of slows,
And wise with all the weight of years—
Men who perchance remember Mynn,
(Of these there are not very many)
And Powys' pace and Butler's spin,
And Francis, Ottaway, and Kenney.
Can you recall a year like *this*?
A year of rain, a year of woe?
How many catches did we miss!
Was cricket ever half so slow!
Could that gray Bishop¹—he who played
So gallantly in '27—
Have seen such dire fiascos made
In all his years, by *our* Eleven?
Nay, let the seasons come and fleet,
Let us be missed from field and town,
Let ancient cricketers who meet
Hint that *our* wickets have gone down;
They shall not see, they shall not weep
Such weather and such strokes of fate,
As we who sad and slowly creep
From Lord's this awful '88.

¹ Bishop Charles Wordsworth of St. Andrews.

Death in June

FOR CRICKETERS ONLY

'June is the month of Suicides

WHY do we slay ourselves in June,
 When life, if ever, seems so sweet?
 When 'moon', and 'tune', and 'afternoon',
 And other happy rhymes we meet;
 When strawberries are coming soon?
 'Why do we do it?' you repeat!

Ah, careless butterfly! to thee
 The strawberry seems passing good;
 And sweet, on music's wings, to flee
 Amid the waltzing multitude,
 And revel late—perchance till three—
 For love is monarch of thy mood!

Alas, to *us* no solace shows
 For sorrows we endure—at Lord's,
 When Oxford's bowling *always* goes
 For 'fours' for ever to the cords—
 Or more, perhaps, with 'overthrows';
 These things can pierce the heart like swords.

And thus it is though woods are green,
Though mayflies down the Test are rolling ;
Though sweet, the silver showers between,
The finches sing in strains consoling,
We cut our throats for very spleen,
And very shame of Oxford's bowling.

Brahma

(AFTER EMERSON)

IF the wild bowler thinks he bowls,
Or if the batsman thinks he's bowled,
They know not, poor misguided souls,
They too shall perish unconsolated.
I am the batsman and the bat,
I am the bowler and the ball,
The umpire, the pavilion cat,
The roller, pitch, and stumps, and all.

Ballade of Dead Cricketers

AH, where be Beldham now, and Brett,
Barker, and Hogsflesh, where be they?
Brett, of all bowlers fleetest yet

That drove the bails in disarray?
And Small that would, like Orpheus, play
Till wild bulls followed his minstrelsy?¹
Booker, and Quiddington, and May?
Beneath the daisies, there they lie!

And where is Lambert, that would get
The stumps with balls that broke astray?
And Mann, whose balls would ricochet
In almost an unholy way
(So do baseballers 'pitch' to-day);
George Lear, that seldom let a bye,
And Richard Nyren, grave and gray?
Beneath the daisies, there they lie!

¹ So Nyren tells us. A L.]

Tom Sueter, too, the ladies' pet,
Brown, that would bravest hearts affray ;
Walker, invincible when set,
(Tom, of the spider limbs and splay) ;
Think ye that we could match them, pray,
These heroes of Broad-halfpenny,
With Buck to hit, and Small to stay ?
Beneath the daisies, there they lie !

ENVOY

Prince, canst thou moralize the lay ?
How all things change below the sky !
Of Fry and Grace shall mortals say,
' Beneath the daisies, there they lie !'

To Helen

(After seeing her bowl with her usual success.)

ST. LEONARD'S HALL.

HELEN, thy bowling is to me
Like that wise Alfred Shaw's of yore,
Which gently broke the wickets three :
From Alfred few could smack a four :
Most difficult to score !

The music of the moaning sea,
The rattle of the flying bails,
The gray sad spires, the tawny sails—
What memories they bring to me,
Beholding thee !

Upon our old monastic pitch,
How sportsmanlike I see thee stand
The leather in thy lily hand,
O Helen of the yorkers, which
Are nobly planned !

Ballade of Cricket

To T. W. L.

THE burden of hard hitting: slog away!
Here shalt thou make a 'five' and there a 'four',
And then upon thy bat shalt lean, and say,
That thou art in for an uncommon score.
Yea, the loud ring applauding thee shall roar,
And thou to rival THORNTON shalt aspire;
When lo, the Umpire gives thee 'leg before'—
'This is the end of every man's desire!'

The burden of much bowling, when the stay
Of all thy team is 'collared', swift or slower,
When 'bailers' break not in their wonted way,
And 'yorkers' come not off as here-to-fore;
When length balls shoot no more—ah never more!
When all deliveries lose their former fire,
When bats seem broader than the broad barn-door—
'This is the end of every man's desire!'

The burden of long fielding, when the clay
Clings to thy shoon in sudden shower's downpour,
And running still thou stumblest ; or the ray
Of blazing suns doth bite and burn thee sore,
And blind thee till, forgetful of thy lore,
Thou dost most mournfully misjudge a ' skyer ',
And lose a match the fates cannot restore —
' This is the end of every man's desire ! '

ENVOY

Alas, yet liefer on youth's hither shore
Would I be some poor player on scant hire,
Than king among the old, who play no more,—
' *This* is the end of every man's desire ! '

*Verse written by A. L. in a copy of 'XXII
Ballades in Blue China', 1880, given to C. J. L.
by A. L.*

A HOPE for the hopeless lips to frame,
'Tis, oh, for a hard-hit innings of Game!¹
A prayer unheard that the wild wind blows,
'Tis, oh, for an over of Ridley's² slows!

¹ W. H. Game scored 109 for Oxford *v.* Cambridge in 1876.

² Captain Oxford Eleven in 1875 and won the match *v.* Cambridge by six runs by putting himself on to bowl lobes and taking two wickets at the end of the innings. 1875 is known to cricketers as Ridley's Year.

GOLF

A Song of Life and Golf

THE thing they ca' the stimy o't,
I find it ilka where!

Ye 'maist lie deid—an unco shot—
Anither's ba' is there!

Ye canna win into the hole,
However gleg ye be,
And aye, where'er ma ba' may roll,
Some limmer stimies me!

Chorus—Somebody stimying me,
Somebody stimying me,
The grass may grow, the ba' may row,
Some limmer stimies me!

I lo'ed a lass, a bonny lass,
Her lips an' locks were reid;
Intil her heart I couldna pass:
Anither man lay deid!
He cam' atween me an' her heart,
I turned wi' tearfu' e'e;
I couldna loft him, I maun part,
The limmer stimied me!

I socht a kirk, a bonny kirk,
Wi' teind, an' glebe, an' a';
A bonny yaird to feed a stirk,
An' links to ca' the ba'!
Anither lad he cam' an' fleeched—

A Convartit U.P.—

An' a' in vain ma best I preached,
That limmer stimied me!

It's aye the same in life an' gowf;
I'm stimied, late an' ear';
This world is but a weary howf,
I'd fain be itherwhere.
But whan auld deith wad hole ma corp,
As sure as deith ye'll see
Some coof has played the moudiewarp,
Rin in, an' stimied me!

Chorus (if thought desirable).

Ode to Golf

‘**D**ELUSIVE nymph, farewell!’
How oft we’ve said or sung,
When balls evasive fell,
Or in the jaws of ‘Hell’,
Or salt sea-weeds among,
’Mid shingle and sea-shell!

How oft beside the burn,
We play the sad ‘two more’;
How often at the turn,
The heather must we spurn;
How oft we’ve ‘topped and swore’,
In bent and whin and fern!

Yes, when the broken head
Bounds further than the ball,
The heart has inly bled.
Ah! and the lips have said
Words we would fain recall—
Wild words, of passion bred.

In bunkers all unknown,
Far beyond 'Walkinshaw',
Where never ball had flown—
Reached by ourselves alone—
Caddies have heard with awe
The music of our moan.

Yet, nymph, if once alone,
The ball hath featly fled—
Not smitten from the bone—
That drive doth still atone
And one long shot laid dead
Our grief to the winds hath blown.

So, still beside the tee,
We meet in storm or calm,
Lady, and worship thee;
While the loud lark sings free,
Piping his matin psalm
Above the gray, sad sea.

Ballade of the Royal Game of Golf

(EAST FIFE)

THERE are laddies will drive ye a ba'
To the burn frae the farthermost tee ;
But ye mauna think driving is a',
Ye may heel her, and send her ajee,
Ye may land in the sand or the sea ;
And ye're dunc, sir, ye're no worth a preen,
Tak' the word that an auld man 'll gie,
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green !

The auld folk are crouse, and they craw
That their putting is pawky and slec ;
In a bunker they're nae gude ava',
But to girn, and to gar the sand flee.
And a lassie can putt—ony she,—
Be she Maggy, or Bessie, or Jean ;
But a cleek-shot's the billy for me,
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green !

I hae play'd in the frost and the thaw,
I hae play'd since the year thirty-three,
I hae play'd in the rain and the snaw,
And I trust I may play till I dee;
And I tell ye the truth and nae lee,
For I speak o' the thing I hae seen—
Tom Morris, I ken, will agree—
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green!

ENVOY

Prince, faith you're improving a wee,
And, Lord, man! they tell me you're keen;
Tak' the best o' advice that can be,
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green!

Off my Game

‘I’M off my game,’ the golfer said,
And shook his locks in woe ;
‘My putter never lays me dead,
My drives will never go ;
Howe’er I swing, howe’er I stand,
Results are still the same,
I’m in the burn, I’m in the sand—
I’m off my game !

‘Oh, would that such mishaps might fall
On Laidlay or Macfie,
That they might toe or heel the ball,
And sclaff along like me !
Men hurry from me in the street,
And execrate my name,
Old partners shun me when we meet—
I’m off my game !

‘Why is it that I play at all?

Let memory remind me
How once I smote upon my ball,
And bunkered it—*behind me*.
I mostly slice into the whins,
And my excuse is lame—
It cannot cover half my sins—
I’m off my game!

I hate the sight of all my set,
I grow morose as Byron;
I never loved a brassey yet,
And now I hate an iron.
My cleek seems merely made to top,
My putting’s wild or tame;
It’s really time for me to stop—
I’m off my game.’

Ballade of Roulette

TO R. R.

THIS life—one was thinking to-day,
In the midst of a medley of fancies—
Is a game, and the board where we play
Green earth with her poppies and pansies.
Let *manque* be faded romances,
Be *passe* remorse and regret ;
Hearts dance with the wheel as it dances—
The wheel of Dame Fortune's roulette.

The lover will stake as he may
His heart on his Peggies and Nancies ;
The girl has her beauty to lay ;
The saint has his prayers and his trances ;
The poet bets endless expanses
In dreamland ; the scamp has his debt :
How they gaze at the wheel as it glances—
The wheel of Dame Fortune's roulette !

The Kaiser will stake his array
Of sabres, of Krupps, and of lances ;
An Englishman punts with his pay,
And glory the *jeton* of France is ;
Your artists—or Whistlers or Vances,
Have voices or colours to bet ;
Will you moan that its motion askance is—
The wheel of Dame Fortune's roulette ?

ENVOY

The prize that the pleasure enhances ?
The prize is—at last to forget
The changes, the chops, and the chances—
The wheel of Dame Fortune's roulette.

FISHING

Piscatori Piscator

IN MEMORY OF THOMAS TOD STODDART

AN angler to an angler here,
To one who longed not for the bays,
I bring a little gift and dear,
A line of love, a word of praise,
A common memory of the ways,
By Elibank and Yair that lead;
Of all the burns, from all the braes,
That yield their tribute to the Tweed.

His boyhood found the waters clean,
His age deplored them, foul with dye;
But purple hills, and copses green,
And these old towers he wandered by,
Still to the simple strains reply
Of his pure unrepining reed,
Who lies where he was fain to lie,
Like Scott, within the sound of Tweed.

The Contented Angler

THE Angler hath a jolly life
Who by the rail runs down,
And leaves his business and his wife,
And all the din of town.
The wind down stream is blowing straight,
And nowhere cast can he :
Then lo, he doth but sit and wait
In kindly company.

The miller turns the water off,
Or folk be cutting weed,
While he doth at misfortune scoff,
From every trouble freed.
Or else he waiteth for a rise,
And ne'er a rise may see ;
For why, there are not any flies
To bear him company.

Or, if he mark a rising trout,
 He straightway is caught up ;
And then he takes his flasket out,
 And drinks a rousing cup.
Or if a trout he chance to hook,
 Weeded and broke is he ;
And then he finds a goodly book
 Instructive company.

The Last Cast

THE ANGLER'S APOLOGY

JUST one cast more ! how many a year
Beside how many a pool and stream,
Beneath the falling leaves and sere,
I've sighed, reeled up, and dreamed my dream !

Dreamed of the sport since April first
Her hands fulfilled of flowers and snow,
Adown the pastoral valleys burst
Where Ettrick and where Teviot flow.

Dreamed of the singing showers that break,
And sting the lochs, or near or far,
And rouse the trout, and stir 'the take'
From Urigil to Lochinvar.

Dreamed of the kind propitious sky
O'er Ari Innes brooding gray ;
The sea trout, rushing at the fly,
Breaks the black wave with sudden spray !

.

Brief are man's days at best ; perchance
I waste my own, who have not seen
The castled palaces of France
Shine on the Loire in summer green.

And clear and fleet Eurotas still,
You tell me, laves his reedy shore,
And flows beneath his fabled hill
Where Dian drave the chase of yore.

And 'like a horse unbroken' yet
The yellow stream with rush and foam,
'Neath tower, and bridge, and parapet,
Girdles his ancient mistress, Rome !

I may not see them, but I doubt
If seen I'd find them half so fair
As ripples of the rising trout
That feed beneath the elms of Yair.

Nay, spring I'd meet by Tweed or Ail,
And summer by Loch Assynt's deep,
And autumn in that lonely vale
Where wedded Avons westward sweep,

Or where, amid the empty fields,
Among the bracken of the glen,
Her yellow wreath October yields
To crown the crystal brows of Ken.

Unseen, Eurotas, southward steal!

Unknown, Alpheus, westward glide!

You never heard the ringing reel,

The music of the water side!

Though gods have walked your woods among,

Though nymphs have fled your banks along;

You speak not that familiar tongue

Tweed murmurs like my cradle song.

My cradle song—no other hymn

I'd choose, nor gentler requiem dear

Than Tweed's, that through death's twilight dim

Mourned in the latest Minstrel's ear!

Shameful Death

The keeper speaks)

THE biggest trout in the brook !
His weight it was five pound clear ;
Never he'd wink at a hook,
If you fished for him half the year,
And in summer he lay where a tall flag shook
In the thin at the tail o' the weir.

He did not die by the line,
He did not fall to the fly,
Not fishing far and fine
On the stream where he used to lie,
But six bait hooks and a ball o' twine
Brought that big trout to die !

It was 'Arry from London town,
A music-hall cad, and a fast ;
'Arry, and Moses Brown,
As had served before the mast,
With young George Smith, a clod-hopping clown,
Killed that big trout at last !

It's a good long while since then—
I'm a little bit stiff or so—
But last year I and my men,
Down there, where the alders grow,
Rolled 'Arry from town in the mud o' the fen,
And kicked him, and let him go!

It's long since the big trout died,
And my hair is mostly gray,
But down by the water-side
Mo bathed—on a Sabbath day!
And Lor', sir, I laughed till I nearly cried,
For we tuk his clothes away!

Piscatrix

FOOT-DEEP in wet flowers and grasses,
O playmate of sunshine and shade!
What song has the stream as it passes?
What song does it sing to its maid?

Does it sing of the hills left behind it?
Does it sing of the moorland and mist?
Of the mosses that break it and bind it,
Of flowers that its waters have kissed?

Does it sing how it runs to the river?
Shall it greatly delight it to be
With the waters that murmur for ever
To the death of the depths of the sea?

The Salmo Irritans

A MOST accommodating fish
Is he who lies in stream or pot,
Who rises frequent as you wish
At Silver Doctor or Jock Scott,
Or any other fly you've got
In all the piscatory clans;
You strike, but ah! you strike him not;
He is the *Salmo Irritans*.

You give him the accustomed rest;
A quarter of an hour or so—
And then you cast your very best,
Your heart is throbbing, loud or low;
He rises with a splendid show
Of silver sides and fins like fans,
Perchance you think you've got him? No!
He is the *Salmo Irritans*.

You leave him till the eventide,
When wandering on by dub and pool
A score of other casts you've tried,
All fruitless and all beautiful;
But *he* still rises, calm and cool,
Who is not yours, nor any man's!
He leaves you looking like a fool—
He is the *Salmo Irritans*.

ENVOY

Prince, wherefore comes he *always* short,
This demon whom the angler bans?
This is his selfish view of sport,
He is the *Salmo Irritans*!

The Last Chance

WITHIN the streams, Pausanias saith,
That down Cocytus valley flow,
Girdling the gray domain of Death,
The spectral fishes come and go;
The ghosts of trout flit to and fro.
Persephone, fulfil my wish;
And grant that in the shades below
My ghost may land the ghosts of fish.

*Scots Wha*¹

SCOTS wha fish wi' salmon roe,
Scots wha sniggle as ye go,
Will ye stand the Bailie? No!
Let the limmer die!

Now's the day and now's the time,
Poison a' the burns wi' lime,
Fishing fair's a dastard crime,
We're for fishing free!

¹ Introduction to Walton's *Compleat Angler*, p. lviii (Dent, 1896).

The Philosophy of Fly-fishing

LEAVE thou thy gillie, when he plays
His local flies, his early views ;
Nor thou with shadowed hint confuse
His notion of the hook that pays.

X

GHOSTS

AND KINDRED SUBJECTS

The Haunted Homes of England

THE haunted homes of England,
How eerily they stand,
While through them flit their ghosts—to wit,
The Monk with the Red Hand;
The Eyeless Girl—an awful spook—
To stop the boldest breath,
The boy that inked his copybook,
And so got ‘wopped’ to death!

Call them not shams—from haunted Glamis
To haunted Woodhouselea,
I mark in hosts the grisly ghosts
I hear the fell Banshie!
I know the spectral dog that howls
Before the death of squires;
In my ‘Ghosts’-guide’ addresses hide
For Podmore and for Myers!

I see the vampire climb the stairs
From vaults below the church;
And hark! the pirate's spectre swears!
O psychical research,
Canst *thou* not hear what meets my ear,
The viewless wheels that come?
The wild Banshie that wails to thee?
The Drummer with his drum?

O haunted homes of England,
Though tenantless ye stand,
With none content to pay the rent,
Through all the shadowy land,
Now, science true will find in you
A sympathetic perch,
And take you all, both grange and hall,
For psychical research!

Ghosts in the Library

SUPPOSE, when now the house is dumb,
When lights are out, and ashes fail—
Suppose their ancient owners come
To claim our spoils of shop and stall;
Ah me! within the narrow hall
How strange a mob would meet and go,
What famous folk would haunt them all,
Octavo, quarto, folio!

The great Napoleon lays his hand
Upon this eagle-headed N,
That marks for his a pamphlet banned
By all but scandal-loving men—
A libel from some nameless den
Of Frankfort—*Arnaud à la Sphère*,
Wherein one spilt, with venal pen,
Lies o'er the loves of Molière.

Another shade—he does not see
‘Boney’, the foeman of his race—
The great Sir Walter, this is he
With that grave homely Border face
He claims his poem of the chase
That rang Benvoirlich’s valley through;
And *this*, that doth the lineage trace
And fortunes of the bold Buccleuch.

For these were his, and these he gave
To one who dwelt beside the Peel,
That murmurs with its tiny wave
• To join the Tweed at Ashestiel.
Now thick as motes the shadows wheel,
And find their own, and claim a share
Of books wherein Ribou did deal,
Or Roulland sold to wise Colbert.

What famous folk of old are here!
A royal duke comes down to us,
And greatly wants his Elzevir,
His pagan tutor, Lucius.
And Beckford claims an amorous
Old heathen in morocco blue;
And who demands Eobanus
But stately Jacques Auguste de Thou!

They come—the wise, the great, the true—

They jostle on the narrow stair,

The joyous Countess de Verrue,

Lamoignon, ay, and Longepierre,

The new and elder dead are there—

The lords of speech, and song, and pen—

Gambetta, Schlegel, and the rare

Drummond of haunted Hawthornden.

Ah, and with those, a hundred more,

Whose names, whose deeds, are quite forgot :

Brave ‘Smiths’ and ‘Thompsons’ by the score,

Scrawled upon many a shabby ‘lot’.

This playbook was the joy of Pott—

Pott, for whom now no mortal grieves ;

Our names, like his, remembered not,

Like his, shall flutter on fly-leaves !

At least in pleasant company

We bookish ghosts, perchance, may flit ;

A man may turn a page, and sigh,

Seeing one’s name, to think of it.

Beauty, or poet, sage, or wit,

May ope our book, and muse awhile,

And fall into a dreaming fit,

As now we dream, and wake, and smile !

Gainsborough Ghosts

IN THE GROSVENOR GALLERY

THEY smile upon the western wall—
The lips that laughed an age ago,
The fops, the dukes, the beauties all,
Le Brun that sang, and Carr that shone.
We gaze with idle eyes : we con
The faces of an elder time—
Alas ! and *ours* is flitting on ;
Oh, moral for an empty rhyme !

Think, when the tumult and the crowd
Have left the solemn rooms and chill,
When dilettanti are not loud,
When lady critics are not shrill—
Ah, think how strange upon the still
Dim air may sound these voices faint ;
Once more may Johnson talk his fill
And fair Dalrymple charm the saint !

Of us they speak as we of them ;
Like us, perchance, they criticize :
Our wit, they vote, is Brummagem ;
Our beauty—dim to Devon's eyes !
Their silks and lace our cloth despise,
Their pumps—our boots that pad the mud,
What modern fop with Walpole vies ?
With St. Leger what modern blood ?

Ah true, we lack the charm, the wit,
Our very greatest, sure, are small ;
And Mr. Gladstone is not Pitt,
And Garrick comes not when we call.
Yet—pass an age—and, after all,
Even *we* may please the folk that look
When we are faces on the wall,
And voices in a history book !

In art the statesman yet shall live,
With collars keen, with Roman nose ;
To beauty yet shall Millais give
The roses that outlast the rose :
The lords of verse, the slaves of prose,
On canvas yet shall seem alive,
And charm the mob that comes and goes,
And lives—in 1985.

Ballade of a Choice of Ghosts

NOW, which are you anxious to see—
A bogie, a sprite, or a gnome?

If a spectre should drop in to tea,

Would you like him to find us at home?

Or a mermaid with mirror and comb,

In *her* have you plenary faith?

Or a lemur of classical Rome,

Or a common respectable wraith?

Here's the vampire, or Bronkola Ki,

From his grave in old Greece hath he clomb;

But perhaps he might bite us, and we

Should be forced in his fashion to roam;

Or a ginn from a Mussulman dome —

He might work such unlimited scathe

That we'd all turn as yellow as chrome—

Or a common respectable wraith!

From the ghost of our youth would you flee
In his shroud that is dappled with loam?
Or a faithful ancestral banshie?
Or a martyr from some catacomb?
Or a wizard with magical tome
Whom his cerements becomingly swathe?
Or a wili as fair as the foam?
Or a common respectable wraith?

ENVOY

Oh, the gloaming's beginning to gloam
And (if Scotch is allowed) I am 'laith'
To encounter a bogie or gnome,
Or a common respectable wraith.

*The Disappointment*¹

A HOUSE I took, and many a spook
Was deemed to haunt that house,
I bade the glum Researchers come
With bogles to carouse.
That house I'd sought with anxious thought,
'Twas old—'twas dark as sin,
And *deeds of bale*, so ran the tale,
Had oft been done therein.

Full many a child its mother wild,
Men said, had strangled there;
Full many a sire, in heedless ire,
Had slain his daughter fair!
'Twas rarely let: I can't forget
A recent tenant's dread,
This widow lone had heard a moan
Proceeding from her bed.

¹ As a matter of fact the Haunted House Committee of the Society for Psychical Research have never succeeded in seeing a ghost.—A. L.

The tenants next were chiefly vexed
By spectres grim and gray;
A headless ghost annoyed them most,
And so they did not stay.
The next in turn saw corpse lights burn,
And also a banshie,
A spectral hand they could not stand,
And left the house to me.

Then came my friends for divers ends,
Some curious, some afraid;
No direr pest disturbed their rest
Than a neat chambermaid.
The grisly halls were gay with balls,
One melancholy nook,
Where ghosts *galore* were seen before,
Now yielded ne'er a spook.

When man and maid, all unafraid,
'Sat out' upon the stairs,
No spectre dread, with feet of lead,
Came past them unawares.
I know not why, but alway I
Have found that it is so,
That when the glum Researchers come
The brutes of bogeys—go.

The Haunted Tower

SUGGESTED BY A POEM OF THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

IN front he saw the donjon tall
Deep in the woods, and stayed to scan
The guards that slept along the wall,
Or dozed upon the bartizan.
He marked the drowsy flag that hung
Unwaved by wind, unfrayed by shower,
He listened to the birds that sung—
Go forth and win the haunted tower!
The tangled brake made way for him,
The twisted brambles bent aside;
And lo, he pierced the forest dim,
And lo, he won the fairy bride!
For *he* was young, but ah! we find—
All we, whose beards are flecked with gray,
Our fairy castle's far behind,
We watch it from the darkling way.

'Twas ours, that palace, in our youth;
We revelled there in happy cheer,
Who scarce dare visit now in sooth,
Le Vieux Château de Souvenir!
For not the boughs of forest green
Begird that castle far away;
There is a mist where we have been
That weeps about it, cold and gray.
And if we seek to travel back
'Tis through a thicket dim and sere,
With many a grave beside the track,
And many a haunting form of fear.
Dead leaves are wet among the moss,
With weed and thistle overgrown—
A ruined barge within the fosse—
A castle built of crumbling stone!
The drawbridge drops from rusty chains;
There comes no challenge from the hold;
No squire, nor dame, nor knight remains,
Of all who dwelt with us of old.
And there is silence in the hall—
No sound of songs, no ray of fire;
But gloom where all was glad, and all
Is darkened with a vain desire.

And every picture's fading fast,
Of fair Jehanne, or Cydalise.
Lo, the white shadows hurrying past,
Below the boughs of dripping trees!

.

Ah rise, and march, and look not back,
Now the long way has brought us here ;
We may not turn and seek the track
To the old Château de Souvenir !

The Ballade of the Subconscious Self

WHO suddenly calls to our ken
The knowledge that should not be there ;
Who charms Mr. Stead with the pen
Of the Prince of the Powers of the Air ;
Who makes physiologists stare—
Is he ghost, is he demon, or elf ?
Who fashions the dream of the fair ?
It is just the Subconscious Self.

He's the ally of medicine men
Who consult the Australian bear,
And 'tis he, with his lights on the fen,
Who helps Jack o' Lanthorn to snare
The peasants of Devon, who swear
Under Commonwealth, Stuart, or Guelph,
That they never had half such a scare—
It is just the Subconscious Self.

It is he, from his cerebral den,
Who raps upon table and chair,
Who frightens the housemaid, and then
Slinks back, like a thief, to his lair:
'Tis the brownie (according to Mair)
Who rattles the pots on the shelf,
But the psychical sages declare
‘It is just the Subconscious Self’.

ENVOY

Prince, each of us all is a pair—
The Conscious, who labours for pelf,
And the other, who charmed Mr. Blair,
It is just the Subconscious Self.

Song by the Subconscious Self

(RHYMES MADE IN A DREAM)

I KNOW not what my secret is,
I only know 'tis mine ;
I know to dwell with it were bliss,
To die for it divine.
I cannot yield it in a kiss,
Nor breathe it in a sigh,
I know that I have lived for this ;
For this, my love, I die.

Ballade of Christmas Ghosts

BETWEEN the moonlight and the fire
In winter twilights long ago,
What ghosts we raised for your desire
To make your merry blood run slow !
How old, how grave, how wise we grow !
No Christmas ghost can make us chill,
Save *those* that troop in mournful row—
The ghosts we all can raise at will !

The beasts can talk in barn and byre
On Christmas Eve, old legends know ;
As year by year the years retire,
We men fall silent then I trow ;
Such sights hath memory to show,
Such voices from the silence thrill,
Such shapes return with Christmas snow - -
The ghosts we all can raise at will.

O children of the village choir,
Your carols on the midnight throw ;
Oh bright across the mist and mire
Ye ruddy hearths of Christmas glow !
Beat back the dread, beat down the woe,
Let's cheerily descend the hill ;
Be welcome all, to come or go,
The ghosts we all can raise at will !

ENVOY

Friend, *sursum corda*, soon or slow
We part, like guests who've joyed their fill ;
Forget them not, nor mourn them so,
The ghosts we all can raise at will !

XI
PICTURES and BUSTS

A Nativity of Sandro Botticelli

‘**W**ROUGHT in the troublous times of Italy
By Sandro Botticelli,’ when for fear
Of that last judgement, and last day drawn near
To end all labour and all revelry,
He worked and prayed in silence. This is she
That by the holy cradle sees the bier,
And in spice gifts, the hyssop on the spear,
And out of Bethlehem, Gethsemane.

Between the gold sky and the green o’er head,
The twelve great shining angels, garlanded,
Marvel upon her face, wherein combine
The mother’s love that shone on all of us,
And maiden rapture that makes luminous
The brows of Margaret and Catherine.

The Lille Bust

WAS it Cæcilia or Felicula,
 Matron or maid, who wore this purity
 Of loveliness so fair it could not die
 Even with her death, but dwelt in the chill clay
 That might not fall to dust, nor know decay,
 Till years rolled into many a century,
 And peasants, delving where dead Romans lie,
 Found her, and worshipped, by the Appian Way?

Then men, beholding her sweet face, forgot
 The Saints, forgot their living loves, and pined
 For this cold heart that might not throb nor feel.
 So the priests hid her in a secret spot ;
 But one who bore her beauty in his mind,
 Made it twice deathless in the bust of Lille !

Ideal

Suggested by a female head in wax, of unknown date, but supposed to be either of the best Greek age, or a work of Raphael or Leonardo. It is now in the Lille Museum.

AH, mystic child of Beauty, nameless maid,
 Dateless and fatherless, how long ago,
 A Greek, with some rare sadness overweighed,
 Shaped thee, perchance, and quite forgot his woe!
 Or Raphael thy sweetness did bestow,
 While magical his fingers o'er thee strayed,
 Or that great pupil taught of Verrocchio
 Redeemed thy still perfection from the shade

That hides all fair things lost, and things unborn,
 Where one has fled from me, that wore thy grace,
 And that grave tenderness of thine awhile.
 Nay, still in dreams I see her, but her face
 Is pale, is wasted with a touch of scorn,
 And only on thy lips I find her smile.

A Portrait of 1783

YOUR hair and chin are like the hair
 And chin Burne-Jones's ladies wear;
 You were unfashionably fair

In eighty-three,
 And sad you were when girls are gay,
 You read a book about *Le vrai*
Mérite de l'homme, alone in May.

What *can* it be,
Le vrai mérite de l'homme? Not gold,
 Not titles that are bought and sold,
 Not wit that flashes and is cold,

But virtue merely!
 Instructed by Jean-Jacques Rousseau
 (And Jean-Jacques, surely, ought to know),
 You bade the crowd of foplings go,
 You glanced severely,
 Dreaming beneath the spreading shade
 Of 'that vast hat the Graces made';¹

¹ Vous y verrez, belle Julie,
 Que ce chapeau tout maltraite
 Fut, dans un instant de folie,
 Par les Grâces même inventé.

'À Julie.' *Essais en Prose et en Vers*, par Joseph Lisle; Paris, An V de la République.

So Rouget sang—while yet he played
 With courtly rhyme,
 And hymned great Doisi's red perruque,
 And Nice's eyes, and Zulmé's look,
 And dead canaries, ere he shook
 The sultry time
 With strains like thunder. Loud and low
 Methinks I hear the murmur grow,
 The tramp of men that come and go
 With fire and sword.
 They war against the quick and dead,
 Their flying feet are dashed with red,
 As theirs the vintaging that tread
 Before the Lord.
 O head unfashionably fair,
 What end was thine, for all thy care?
 We only see thee dreaming there :
 We cannot see
 The breaking of thy vision, when
 The Rights of man were lords of men,
 When virtue won her own again
 In ninety-three.

Benedetta Ramus

AFTER ROMNEY

MYSTERIOUS Benedetta! who
 That Reynolds or that Romney drew
 Was ever half so fair as you,
 Or is so well forgot?
 These eyes of melancholy brown,
 These woven locks, a shadowy crown,
 Must surely have bewitched the town;
 Yet you're remembered not.

Through all that prattle of your age,
 Through lore of fribble and of sage
 I've read, and chiefly Walpole's page,
 Wherein are beauties famous;
 I've haunted ball, and rout, and sale;
 I've heard of Devonshire and Thrale,
 And all the Gunnings' wondrous tale,
 But nothing of Miss Ramus.

And yet on many a lattice pane
 'Fair Benedetta', scrawled in vain
 By lovers' diamonds, must remain
 To tell us you were cruel.¹
 But who, of all that sighed and swore—
 Wits, poets, courtiers by the score—
 Did win and on his bosom wore
 This hard and lovely jewel?

Why, dilettante records say
 An alderman, who came that way,
 Woo'd you and made you Lady Day;
 You crowned his civic flame.
 It suits a melancholy song
 To think your heart had suffered wrong,
 And that you lived not very long
 To be a City dame!

Perchance you were a Mourning Bride,
 And conscious of a heart that died
 With one who fell by Rodney's side
 In blood-stained Spanish bays.
 Perchance 'twas no such thing, and you
 Dwelt happy with your knight and true
 And, like Aurora, watch a crew
 Of rosy little Days!

¹ 'I have broken many a pane of glass marked Cruel Parthenissa,' says the aunt of Sophia Western in *Tom Jones*.—A. L.

Oh, lovely face and innocent !
Whatever way your fortunes went,
And if to earth your life was lent
 For little space or long,
In your kind eyes we seem to see
What woman at her best may be,
And offer to your memory
 An unavailing song !

Colinette

FOR A SKETCH BY MR. G. LESLIE, A.R.A.

FRANCE your country, as we know ;
 Room enough for guessing yet,
 What lips now or long ago
 Kissed and named you—Colinette.
 In what fields from sea to sea,
 By what stream your home was set ;
 Loire or Seine was glad of thee,
 Marne or Rhone, O Colinette !

Did you stand with maidens ten,
 Fairer maids were never seen,
 When the young king and his men
 Passed among the orchards green ?
 Nay, old ballads have a note
 Mournful, we would fain forget ;
 No such sad old air should float
 Round your young brows, Colinette.

Say, did Ronsard sing to you,
 Shepherdess, to lull his pain,
 When the court went wandering through
 Rose pleasancess of Touraine?
 Ronsard and his famous Rose
 Long are dust the breezes fret;
 You, within the garden close,
 You are blooming, Colinette.

Have I seen you proud and gay,
 With a patched and perfumed beau,
 Dancing through the summer day,
 Misty summer of Watteau?
 Nay, so sweet a maid as you
 Never walked a minuet
 With the splendid courtly crew;
 Nay, forgive me, Colinette.

Not from Greuze's canvases
 Did you cast a glance, a smile;
 You are not as one of these,
 Yours is beauty without guile.
 Round your maiden brows and hair
 Maidenhood and childhood met
 Crown and kiss you, sweet and fair,
 New art's blossom, Colinette.

A Sunset of Watteau

LUI

THE silk sail fills, the soft winds wake,
 Arise and tempt the seas ;
 Our ocean is the Palace lake,
 Our waves the ripples that we make
 Among the mirrored trees.

ELLE

Nay, sweet the shore, and sweet the song,
 And dear the languid dream ;
 The music mingled all day long
 With paces of the dancing throng,
 And murmur of the stream.

An hour ago, an hour ago,
 We rested in the shade ;
 And now, why should we seek to know
 What way the wilful waters flow ?
 There is no fairer glade.

LUI

Nay, pleasure flits, and we must sail,
And seek him everywhere ;
Perchance in sunset's golden pale
He listens to the nightingale,
Amid the perfumed air.

Come, he has fled ; you are not you
And I no more am I ;
Delight is changeful as the hue
Of heaven, that is no longer blue
In yonder sunset sky.

ELLE

Nay, if we seek we shall not find,
If we knock none openeth ;
Nay, see, the sunset fades behind
The mountains, and the cold night wind
Blows from the house of death.

XII
TRANSLATIONS

OLD FRENCH POETS

Spring

CHARLES D'ORLÉANS, 1391-1465

The new-liveried year.—Sir Henry Wotton.

THE year has changed his mantle cold
Of wind, of rain, of bitter air ;
And he goes clad in cloth of gold,
Of laughing suns and season fair ;
No bird or beast of wood or wold
But doth with cry or song declare
The year lays down his mantle cold.
All founts, all rivers, seaward rolled,
The pleasant summer livery wear,
With silver studs on brodered vair ;
The world puts off its raiment old,
The year lays down his mantle cold.

Rondel

CHARLES D'ORLÉANS

To his mistress, to succour his heart that is beleaguered by jealousy.

STRENGTHEN, my Love, this castle of my heart,
And with some store of pleasure give me aid,
For Jealousy, with all them of his part,
Strong siege about the weary tower has laid.
Nay, if to break his bands thou art afraid,
Too weak to make his cruel force depart,
Strengthen at least this castle of my heart,
And with some store of pleasure give me aid.
Nay, let not Jealousy, for all his art
Be master, and the tower in ruin laid,
That still, ah Love! thy gracious rule obeyed.
Advance, and give me succour of thy part;
Strengthen, my Love, this castle of my heart.

Rondel

FRANÇOIS VILLON, 1431-1484

GOOD-BYE! the tears are in my eyes;
Farewell, farewell, my prettiest;
Farewell, of women born the best;
Good-bye! the saddest of good-byes.
Farewell! with many vows and sighs
My sad heart leaves you to your rest;
Farewell! the tears are in my eyes;
Farewell! from you my miseries
Are more than now may be confessed,
And most by thee have I been blessed.
Yea, and for thee have wasted sighs;
Good-bye! the last of my good-byes.

Arbor Amoris

FRANÇOIS VILLON.

I HAVE a tree, a graft of Love,
That in my heart has taken root ;
Sad are the buds and blooms thereof,
And bitter sorrow is its fruit ;
Yet, since it was a tender shoot,
So greatly hath its shadow spread,
That underneath all joy is dead,
And all my pleasant days are flown,
Nor can I slay it, nor instead
Plant any tree, save this alone.

Ah, yet, for long and long enough
My tears were rain about its root ;
And though the fruit be harsh thereof,
I scarcely looked for better fruit
Than this, that carefully I put
In garner, for the bitter bread
Whereon my weary life is fed.
Ah, better were the soil unsown
That bears such growths ; but Love instead
Will plant no tree, but this alone.

Ah, would that this new spring, whereof
 The leaves and flowers flush into shoot,
 I might have help and aid of Love,
 To prune these branches at the root,
 That long have borne such bitter fruit,
 And graft a new bough, comforted
 With happy blossoms white and red ;
 So pleasure should for pain atone,
 Nor Love slay this tree, nor instead
 Plant any tree, but this alone.

ENVOY

Princess ! by whom my hope is fed,
 My heart thee prays in lowlihead
 To prune the ill boughs overgrown,
 Nor slay Love's tree, nor plant instead
 Another tree, save this alone.

Ballade of the Gibbet

An epitaph in the form of a ballad that François Villon wrote of himself and his company, they expecting shortly to be hanged.

BROTHERS and men that shall after us be,
Let not your hearts be hard to us :

For pitying this our misery

Ye shall find God the more piteous.

Look on us six that are hanging thus,
And for the flesh that so much we cherished
How it is eaten of birds and perished,

And ashes and dust fill our bones' place ;
Mock not at us that so feeble be,

But pray God pardon us out of His grace.

Listen, we pray you, and look not in scorn,
Though justly, in sooth, we are cast to die ;

Ye wot no man so wise is born

That keeps his wisdom constantly.

Be ye then merciful, and cry

To Mary's Son that is piteous,

That His mercy take no stain from us,

Saving us out of the fiery place.

We are but dead, let no soul deny

To pray God succour us of His grace.

The rain out of heaven has washed us clean ;
 The sun has scorched us black and bare ;
 Ravens and rooks have pecked at our eyne,
 And feathered their nests with our beards and hair.
 Round are we tossed, and here and there,
 This way and that, at the wild wind's will ;
 Never a moment my body is still ;
 Birds they are busy about my face.
 Live not as we, nor fare as we fare ;
 Pray God pardon us out of His grace.

ENVOY

Prince Jesus, Master of all ! to thee
 We pray Hell gain no mastery,
 That we come never anear that place ;
 And ye men, make no mockery,
 Pray God pardon us out of His grace.

Hymn to the Winds

DU BELLAY, 1524-1560

The winds are invoked by the winnowers of corn.

TO you, troop so fleet,
That with winged wandering feet,
Through the wide world pass,
And with soft murmuring
Toss the green shades of spring
In woods and grass,
Lily and violet
I give, and blossoms wet,
Roses and dew;
This branch of blushing roses,
Whose fresh bud uncloses;
Wind-flowers too.

Ah, winnow with sweet breath,
Winnow the holt and heath
Round this retreat;
Where all the golden morn
We fan the gold o' the corn,
In the sun's heat.

A Vow to Heavenly Venus

DU BELLAY

WE that with like hearts love, we lovers twain,
 New wedded in the village by thy fane,
 Lady of all chaste love, to thee it is
 We bring these amaranths, these white lilies,
 A sign, and sacrifice ; may love, we pray,
 Like amaranthine flowers, feel no decay ;
 Like these cool lilies may our loves remain,
 Perfect and pure, and know not any stain ;
 And be our hearts, from this thy holy hour,
 Bound each to each, like flower to wedded flower.

To his Friend in Elysium

DU BELLAY

SO long you wandered on the dusky plain,
Where flit the shadows with their endless cry,
You reach the shore where all the world goes by,
You leave the strife, the slavery, the pain;
But we—but we—the mortals that remain
In vain stretch hands; for Charon sullenly
Drives us afar, we may not come anigh
Till that last mystic obolus we gain.

But you are happy in the quiet place;
And with the learned lovers of old days,
And with your love, you wander evermore
In the dim woods, and drink forgetfulness
Of us your friends—a weary crowd that press
About the gate, or labour at the oar.

April

REMY BELLEAU, 1528-1577

APRIL, pride of woodland ways,
Of glad days,
April, bringing hope of prime
To the young flowers that beneath
Their bud sheath
Are guarded in their tender time.

April, pride of fields that be
Green and free,
That in fashion glad and gay
Stud with flowers red and blue—
Every hue—
Their jewelled spring array ;

April, pride of murmuring
Winds of spring,
That beneath the winnowed air,
Trap with subtle nets and sweet
Flora's feet—
Flora's feet, the fleet and fair ;

April, by thy hand caressed,
 From her breast
Nature scatters everywhere
Handfuls of all sweet perfumes,
 Buds and blooms,
Making faint the earth and air.

April, joy of the green hours,
 Clothes with flowers
Over all her locks of gold
My sweet lady ; and her breast
 With the blest
Buds of summer manifold.

April, with thy gracious wiles,
 Like the smiles,
Smiles of Venus ; and thy breath
Like her breath, the gods' delight,
 (From their height
They take the happy air beneath ;)

It is thou that, of thy grace,
 From their place
In the far-off isles dost bring
Swallows over earth and sea,
 Glad to be
Messengers of thee and spring.

Daffodil and eglantine,
 And woodbine,
 Lily, violet, and rose
 Plentiful in April fair,
 To the air,
 Their pretty petals do uncloze.

Nightingales ye now may hear,
 Piercing clear,
 Singing in the deepest shade;
 Many and many a babbled note
 Chime and float,
 Woodland music through the glade.

April, all to welcome thee,
 Spring sets free
 Ancient flames, and with low breath
 Wakes the ashes gray and old
 That the cold
 Chilled within our hearts to death.

Thou beholdest in the warm
 Hours, the swarm
 Of the thievish bees, that flies
 Evermore from bloom to bloom
 For perfume,
 Hid away in tiny thighs.

Her cool shadows May can boast,
Fruits almost
Ripe, and gifts of fertile dew,
Manna-sweet and honey-sweet,
That complete
Her flower garland fresh and new.

Nay, but I will give my praise,
To these days,
Named with the glad name of Her ¹
That from out the foam o' the sea
Came to be
Sudden light on earth and air.

¹ Aphrodite—Avril.

Roses

RONSARD, 1524-1585

I SEND you here a wreath of blossoms blown,
 And woven flowers at sunset gatherèd.
 Another dawn had seen them ruined, and shed
 Loose leaves upon the grass at random strown.
 By this, their sure example, be it known,
 That all your beauties, now in perfect flower,
 Shall fade as these, and wither in an hour,
 Flowerlike, and brief of days, as the flower sown.

Ah, time is flying, lady—time is flying ;
 Nay, 'tis not time that flies but we that go,
 Who in short space shall be in churchyard lying,
 And of our loving parley none shall know,
 Nor any man consider what we were ;
 Be therefore kind, my love, whiles thou art fair.

The Rose

RONSARD

SEE, Mignonne, hath not the rose,
That this morning did uncloset
Her purple mantle to the light,
Lost, before the day be dead,
The glory of her raiment red,
Her colour, bright as yours is bright?

Ah, Mignonne, in how few hours,
The petals of her purple flowers
All have faded, fallen, died;
Sad Nature, mother ruinous,
That seest thy fair child perish thus
'Twixt matin song and even-tide.

Hear me, darling, speaking sooth,
Gather the fleet flower of your youth,
Take ye your pleasure at the best;
Be merry ere your beauty flit,
For length of days will tarnish it
Like roses that were loveliest.

To the Moon

RONSARD

HIDE this one night thy crescent, kindly Moon ;
 So shall Endymion faithful prove, and rest
 Loving and unawakened on thy breast ;
 So shall no foul enchanter importune
 Thy quiet course ; for now the night is boon,
 And through the friendly night unseen I fare,
 Who dread the face of foemen unaware,
 And watch of hostile spies in the bright noon.

Thou knowest, Moon, the bitter power of love ;
 'Tis told how shepherd Pan found ways to move,
 For little price, thy heart ; and of your grace,
 Sweet stars, be kind to this not alien fire,
 Because on earth ye did not scorn desire,
 Bethink ye, now ye hold your heavenly place.

To his Young Mistress

RONSARD

FAIR flower of fifteen springs, that still
Art scarcely blossomed from the bud,
Yet hast such store of evil will,
A heart so full of hardihood,
Seeking to hide in friendly wise
The mischief of your mocking eyes.

If you have pity, child, give o'er;
Give back the heart you stole from me,
Pirate, setting so little store
On this your captive from love's sea;
Holding his misery for gain,
And making pleasure of his pain.

Another, not so fair of face,
But far more pitiful than you,
Would take my heart, if of his grace,
My heart would give her of love's due;
And she shall have it, since I find
That you are cruel and unkind.

Nay, I would rather that it died,
 Within your white hands prisoning—
 Would rather that it still abide
 In your ungentle comforting
 Than change its faith, and seek to her
 That is more kind, but not so fair.

Deadly Kisses

RONSARD

AH, take these lips away ; no more,
No more such kisses give to me.

My spirit faints for joy ; I see
Through mists of death the dreamy shore
And meadows by the water-side,

Where all about the Hollow Land
Fare the sweet singers that have died,

With their lost ladies, hand in hand ;
Ah, love, how fireless are their eyes,
How pale their lips that kiss and smile !

So mine must be in little while
If thou wilt kiss me in such wise.

Of his Lady's Old Age

RONSARD

WHEN you are very old, at evening
You'll sit and spin beside the fire, and say,
Humming my songs, 'Ah well – ah well-a-day!
When I was young, of me did Ronsard sing'.
None of your maidens that doth hear the thing,
Albeit with her weary task foredone,
But wakens at my name, and calls you one
Blest, to be held in long remembering.

I shall be low beneath the earth, and laid
On sleep, a phantom in the myrtle shade,
While you beside the fire, a grandame gray,
My love—your pride—remember and regret;
Ah, love me, love! we may be happy yet,
And gather roses, while 'tis called to-day.

On his Lady's Waking

RONSARD

MY lady woke upon a morning fair,
What time Apollo's chariot takes the skies,
And, fain to fill with arrows from her eyes
His empty quiver, Love was standing there:
I saw two apples that her breast doth bear—
None such the close of the Hesperides
Yields; nor hath Venus any such as these,
Nor she that had of nursling Mars the care.

Even such a bosom, and so fair it was,
Pure as the perfect work of Phidias,
That sad Andromeda's discomfiture
Left bare, when Perseus passed her on a day,
And pale as death for fear of death she lay,
With breast as marble cold, as marble pure.

His Lady's Death

RONSARD

TWAIN that were foes, while Mary lived, are fled ;
One laurel-crowned abides in heaven, and one
Beneath the earth has fared, a fallen sun,
A light of love among the loveless dead.
The first is Chastity, that vanquished
The archer Love, that held joint empery
With the sweet beauty that made war on me,
When laughter of lips with laughing eyes was wed.

Their strife the fates have closed, with stern control ;
The earth holds her fair body, and her soul
An angel with glad angels triumpheth ;
Love hath no more that he can do ; desire
Is buried, and my heart a faded fire,
And for Death's sake, I am in love with Death.

His Lady's Tomb

RONSARD

AS in the gardens all through May, the rose,
Lovely, and young, and fair apparelled,
Makes sunrise jealous of her rosy red
When dawn upon the dew of dawning glows ;
Graces and loves within her breast repose,
The woods are faint with the sweet odour shed,
Till rains and heavy suns have smitten dead
The languid flower, and the loose leaves uncloset—

So this, the perfect beauty of our days,
When earth and heaven were vocal of her praise,
The fates have slain, and her sweet soul reposes ;
And tears I bring, and sighs, and on her tomb
Pour milk, and scatter buds of many a bloom,
That dead, as living, she may be with roses.

Shadows of his Lady

JACQUES TAHUREAU, 1527-1555

WITHIN the sand of what far river lies
 The gold that gleams in tresses of my love?
 What highest circle of the heavens above
 Is jewelled with such stars as are her eyes?
 And where is the rich sea whose coral vies
 With her red lips, that cannot kiss enough?
 What dawn-lit garden knew the rose, whereof
 The fled soul lives in her cheeks' rosy guise?

What Parian marble that is loveliest,
 Can match the whiteness of her brow and breast?
 When drew she breath from the Sabæan glade?
 Oh happy rock and river, sky and sea,
 Gardens, and glades Sabæan, all that be
 The far-off splendid semblance of my maid!

Moonlight

JACQUES TAHUREAU

THE high midnight was garlanding her head
With many a shining star in shining skies,
And, of her grace, a slumber on mine eyes,
And, after sorrow, quietness was shed.
Far in dim fields cicalas jargonè—
A thin shrill clamour of complaints and cries
And all the woods were pallid, in strange wise,
With pallor of the sad moon overspread.

Then came my lady to that lonely place,
And, from her palfrey stooping, did embrace
And hang upon my neck, and kissed me over;
Wherefore the day is far less dear than night,
And sweeter is the shadow than the light,
Since night has made me such a happy lover.

Love in May

PASSERAT, 1534-1602

OFF with sleep, love, up from bed,
This fair morn !

See, for our eyes the rosy red
New dawn is born ;

Now that skies are glad and gay
In this gracious month of May,
Love me, sweet !

Fill my joy in brimming measure ;
In this world he hath no pleasure,
That will none of it.

Come, love, through the woods of spring,
Come walk with me ;

Listen, the sweet birds jargonning
From tree to tree.

List and listen, over all
Nightingale most musical
That ceases never ;

Grief begone, and let us be
For a space as glad as he ;
Time's fitting ever.

Old Time, that loves not lovers, wears
 Wings swift in flight ;
All our happy life he bears
 Far in the night.
Old and wrinkled on a day,
Sad and weary shall you say,
 ‘ Ah, fool was I,
That took no pleasure in the grace
Of the flower that from my face
 Time has seen die ’.

Leave then sorrow, teen, and tears
 Till we be old ;
Young we are, and of our years,
 Till youth be cold,
Pluck the flower ; while spring is gay
In this happy month of May
 Love me, love !
Fill our joy in brimming measure ;
In this world he hath no pleasure
 That will none thereof.

Ballade of Dead Ladies

AFTER VILLON

NAY, tell me now in what strange air
The Roman Flora dwells to-day.
Where Archippiada hides, and where
Beautiful Thais has passed away?
Whence answers Echo—afield, astray,
By mere or stream, around, below?
Lovelier she than a woman of clay;
Nay, but where is the last year's snow?

Where is wise Héloïse, that care
Brought on Abeilard, and dismay?
All for her love he found a snare,
A maimed poor monk in orders gray;
And where's the queen who willed to slay
Buridan, that in a sack must go
Afloat down Seine—a perilous way—
Nay, but where is the last year's snow?

Where's that White Queen, a lily rare,
With her sweet song, the Siren's lay?
Where's Bertha Broad-foot—Beatrice fair?
Alys and Ermengarde, where are they?
Good Joan, whom English did betray
In Rouen town, and burned her? No,
Maiden and queen, no man may say;
Nay, but where is the last year's snow?

ENVOY

Prince, all this week thou need'st not pray,
Nor yet this year the thing to know;
One burden answers, ever and aye,
'Nay, but where is the last year's snow?'

*Villon's Ballade of Good Counsel,
to his Friends of Evil Life*

NAY, be you pardonor or cheat,
Or cogger keen, or mumper shy,
You'll burn your fingers at the feat,
And howl like other folks that fry.
All evil folks that love a lie!
And where goes gain that greed amasses,
By wile, and trick, and thievery?
'Tis all to taverns and to lasses!

Rhyme, rail, dance, play the cymbals sweet,
With game, and shame, and jollity;
Go jigging through the field and street,
With *myst'ry* and *morality*;
Win gold at *gleek*—and that will fly
Where all you gain at *passage* passes—
And that 's?—you know as well as I,
'Tis all to taverns and to lasses!

Nay, forth from all such filth retreat ;
Go delve and ditch, in wet or dry ;
Turn groom, give horse and mule their meat,
If you've no clerkly skill to ply ;
You'll gain enough, with husbandry,
But—sow hempseed and such wild grasses,
And where goes all you take thereby ?
'Tis all to taverns and to lasses !

ENVOY

Your clothes, your hose, your broidery,
Your linen that the snow surpasses,
Or ere they're worn, off—off they fly,
'Tis all to taverns and to lasses !

Ballade of Worldly Wealth

OLD FRENCH

MONEY taketh town and wall,
Fort and ramp without a blow ;
Money moves the merchants all,
While the tides shall ebb and flow ;
Money maketh evil show
Like the good, and truth like lies :
These alone can ne'er bestow
Youth, and health, and Paradise.

Money maketh festival ;
Wine she buys, and beds can strow ;
Round the necks of captains tall,
Money wins them chains to throw,
Marches soldiers to and fro,
Gaineth ladies with sweet eyes :
These alone can ne'er bestow
Youth, and health, and Paradise.

Money wins the priest his stall ;
Money mitres buys, I trow ;
Red hats for the Cardinal,
Abbeys for the novice low ;
Money maketh sin as snow,
Place of penitence supplies :
These alone can ne'er bestow
Youth, and health, and Paradise.

Ballade Amoureuse

AFTER FROISSART

NOT Jason nor Medea wise,
 I crave to see, nor win much lore,
 Nor list to Orpheus' minstrelsies;
 Nor Her'cles would I see, that o'er
 The wide world roamed from shore to shore;
 Nor, by St. James! Penelope;
 Nor pure Lucrece, such wrong that bore:
 To see my love suffices me!

Virgil and Cato, no man vies
 With them in wealth of clerkly store;
 I would not see them with mine eyes;
 Nor him that sailed, *sans* sail nor oar,
 Across the barren sea and hoar,
 And all for love of his ladye;
 Nor pearl nor sapphire takes me more:
 To see my love suffices me!

I heed not Pegasus, that flies
As swift as shafts the bowmen pour ;
Nor famed Pygmalion's artifice,
Whereof the like was ne'er before ;
Nor Oléus, that drank of yore
The salt wave of the whole great sea :
Why ? dost thou ask ? 'tis as I swore—
To see my love suffices me !

Ballade of Blind Love

AFTER LYONNET DE COISMES

WHO have loved and ceased to love, forget
 That ever they loved in their lives, they say ;
 Only remember the fever and fret,
 And the pain of love, that was all his pay ;
 All the delight of him passes away
 From hearts that hoped, and from lips that met—
 Too late did I love you, my love, and yet
 I shall never forget till my dying day.

Too late were we 'ware of the secret net
 That meshes the feet in the flowers that stray ;
 There were we taken and snared, Lisette,
 In the dungeon of *La Fausse Amistié* ;
 Help was there none in the wide world's fray,
 Joy was there none in the gift of the debt ;
 Too late we knew it, too long regret—
 I shall never forget till my dying day !

We must live our lives, though the sun be set ;
Must meet in the masque where parts we play ;
Must cross in the maze of life's minuet ;
Our yea is yea, and our nay is nay ;
But while snows of winter or flowers of May
Are the sad year's shroud or coronet,
In the season of rose or of violet,
I shall never forget till my dying day !

ENVOY

Queen, when the clay is my coverlet ;
When I am dead, and when you are gray,
Vow, where the grass of the grave is wet,
'I shall never forget till my dying day !'

Nightingale Weather

‘ Serai-je nonnette, oui ou non ?
Serai-je nonnette ? je crois que non.
Derrière chez mon père
Il est un bois taillis,
Le rossignol y chante
Et le jour et la nuit.
Il chante pour les filles
Qui n’ont pas d’ami ;
Il ne chante pas pour moi,
J’en ai un, Dieu merci.’

OLD FRENCH.

I’LL never be a nun, I trow,
While apple bloom is white as snow,
But far more fair to see ;
I’ll never wear nun’s black and white
While nightingales make sweet the night
Within the apple-tree.

Ah, listen ! ’tis the nightingale,
And in the wood he makes his wail,
Within the apple-tree ;
He singeth of the sore distress
Of many ladies loverless ;
Thank God, no song for me.

For when the broad May moon is low,
A gold fruit seen where blossoms blow
 In the boughs of the apple-tree,
A step I know is at the gate ;
Ah love, but it is long to wait
 Until night's noon bring thee !

Between lark's song and nightingale's
A silent space, while dawning pales,
 The birds leave still and free
For words and kisses musical,
For silence and for sighs that fall
 In the dawn, 'twixt him and me.

À la Belle Hélène

AFTER RONSARD

MORE closely than the clinging vine
About the wedded tree,
Clasp thou thine arms, ah, mistress mine!
About the heart of me.
Or seem to sleep, and stoop your face
Soft on my sleeping eyes,
Breathe in your life, your heart, your grace,
Through me, in kissing wise.
Bow down, bow down your face, I pray,
To me, that swoon to death;
Breathe back the life you kissed away,
Breathe back your kissing breath.
So by your eyes I swear and say,
My mighty oath and sure,
From your kind arms no maiden may
My loving heart allure.
I'll bear your yoke, that's light enough.
And to the Elysian plain,
When we are dead of love, my love,
One boat shall bear us twain.

They'll flock around you, fleet and fair,
All true loves that have been,
And you of all the shadows there,
Shall be the shadow queen.

Ah, shadow-loves, and shadow-lips!

Ah, while 'tis called to-day,

Love me, my love, for summer slips,

And August ebbs away.

The Grave and the Rose

VICTOR HUGO

THE Grave said to the Rose,
 ‘What of the dews of morn—
 Love’s flower—what end is theirs?’

‘And what of souls outworn—
 Of them whereon doth close
 The tomb’s mouth unawares?’

The Rose said to the Grave.

The Rose said, ‘In the shade
 From the dawn’s tears is made
 A perfume faint and strange,
 Amber and honey sweet’.

‘And all the spirits fleet
 Do suffer a sky-change,
 More strangely than the dew,
 To God’s own angels new’,
 The Grave said to the Rose.

The Birth of Butterflies

VICTOR HUGO

THE dawn is smiling on the dew that covers
The tearful roses ; lo, the little lovers
That kiss the buds, and all the flutterings
In jasmine bloom and privet, of white wings,
That go and come, and fly, and peep and hide,
With muffled music, murmured far and wide !
Ah, spring time, when we think of all the lays
That dreamy lovers send to dreamy mays,
Of the fond hearts within a billet bound,
Of all the soft silk paper that pens wound,
The messages of love that mortals write
Filled with intoxication of delight,
Written in April, and before the May time
Shredded and flown, playthings for the wind's playtime—
We dream that all white butterflies above
Who seek through clouds or waters souls to love,
And leave their lady mistress in despair,
To flit to flowers, as kinder and more fair,
Are but torn love-letters, that through the skies
Flutter and float, and change to butterflies.

More Strong than Time

VICTOR HUGO

SINCE I have set my lips to your full cup, my sweet,
 Since I my pallid face between your hands have laid,
 Since I have known your soul, and all the bloom of it,
 And all the perfume rare, now buried in the shade ;

Since it was given to me to hear one happy while,
 The words wherein your heart spoke all its mysteries ;
 Since I have seen you weep, and since I have seen you
 smile,
 Your lips upon my lips, and your eyes upon my eyes ;

Since I have known above my forehead glance and gleam,
 A ray—a single ray—of your star, veiled always ;
 Since I have felt the fall, upon my lifetime's stream,
 Of one rose petal plucked from the roses of your days—

I now am bold to say to the swift changing hours,
 Pass—pass upon your way, for I grow never old ;
Fleet to the dark abysm with all your fading flowers,
 One rose that none may pluck, within my heart I hold.

Your flying wings may smite, but they can never spill
 The cup fulfilled of love, from which my lips are wet ;
My heart has far more fire than you have frost to chill,
 My soul more love than you can make my soul forget.

An Old Tune

GÉRARD DE NERVAL

THERE is an air for which I would disown
Mozart's, Rossini's, Weber's melodies ;
A sweet sad air that languishes and sighs,
And keeps its secret charm for me alone.

Whene'er I hear that music vague and old,
Two hundred years are mist that rolls away ;
The thirteenth Louis reigns, and I behold
A green land golden in the dying day.

An old red castle, strong with stony towers,
The windows gay with many coloured glass ;
Wide plains, and rivers flowing among flowers,
That bathe the castle basement as they pass.

In antique weed, with dark eyes and gold hair,
A lady looks forth from her window high ;
It may be that I knew and found her fair,
In some forgotten life, long time gone by.

Juana

ALFRED DE MUSSET

A GAIN I see you, ah my queen,
Of all my old loves that have been,
The first love, and the tenderest ;
Do you remember or forget—
Ah me, for I remember yet—
How the last summer days were blest ?

Ah lady, when we think of this,
The foolish hours of youth and bliss,
How fleet, how sweet, how hard to hold !
How old we are, ere spring be green !
You touch the limit of eighteen
And I am twenty winters old.

My rose, that mid the red roses
Was brightest, ah, how pale she is !
Yet keeps the beauty of her prime ;
Child, never Spanish lady's face
Was lovely with so wild a grace ;
Remember the dead summer time.

Think of our loves, our feuds of old,
 And how you gave your chain of gold
 To me for a peace offering ;
 And how all night I lay awake
 To touch and kiss it for your sake—
 To touch and kiss the lifeless thing.

Lady, beware ! for all we say,
 This love shall live another day,
 Awakened from his deathly sleep ;
 The heart that once has been your shrine
 For other loves is too divine ;
 A home, my dear, too wide and deep.

What did I say—why do I dream ?
 Why should I struggle with the stream
 Whose waves return not any day ?
 Close heart, and eyes, and arms from me ;
 Farewell, farewell ! so must it be,
 So runs—so runs, the world away.

The season bears upon its wing
 The swallows and the songs of spring,
 And days that were, and days that flit.
 The loved lost hours are far away ;
 And hope and fame are scattered spray
 For me, that gave you love a day
 For you that not remember it.

Spring in the Student's Quarter

HENRI MURGER

WINTER is passing, and the bells
For ever with their silver lay
Murmur a melody that tells
Of April and of Easter day.
High in sweet air the light vane sets,
The weathercocks all southward twirl;
A *sou* will buy her violets
And make Nini a happy girl.

The winter to the poor was sore,
Counting the weary winter days,
Watching his little firewood store,
The bitter snowflakes fell always;
And now his last log dimly gleamed,
Lighting the room with feeble glare,
Half cinder and half smoke it seemed
That the wind wafted into air.

Pilgrims from ocean and far isles
 See where the east is reddening,
 The flocks that fly a thousand miles
 From sunseting to sunseting ;
 Look up, look out, behold the swallows —
 The throats that twitter—the wings that beat ;
 And on their song the summer follows,
 And in the summer life is sweet.

.

With the green tender buds that know
 The shoot and sap of lusty spring
 My neighbour of a year ago
 Her casement, see, is opening ;
 Through all the bitter months that were,
 Forth from her nest she dared not flee,
 She was a study for Boucher,
 She now might sit to Gavarni.

Old Loves

HENRI MURGER

LOUISE, have you forgotten yet
The corner of the flowery land,
The ancient garden where we met,
My hand that trembled in your hand?
Our lips found words scarce sweet enough,
As low beneath the willow-trees
We sat; have you forgotten, love?
Do you remember, love Louise?

Marie, have you forgotten yet
The loving barter that we made?
The rings we changed, the suns that set,
The woods fulfilled with sun and shade?
The fountains that were musical
By many an ancient trysting tree—
Marie, have you forgotten all?
Do you remember, love Marie?

Christine, do you remember yet
 Your room with scents and roses gay?
 My garret—near the sky 'twas set—
 The April hours, the nights of May?
 The clear calm nights—the stars above
 That whispered they were fairest seen
 Through no cloud-veil? Remember, love!
 Do you remember, love Christine?

Louise is dead, and, well-a-day!
 Marie a sadder path has ta'en;
 And pale Christine has passed away
 In southern suns to bloom again.
 Alas! for one and all of us—
 Marie, Louise, Christine forget;
 Our bower of love is ruinous,
 And I alone remember yet.

Musette

HENRI MURGER

YESTERDAY, watching the swallows' flight
That bring the spring and the season fair,
A moment I thought of the beauty bright
Who loved me — when she had time to spare ;
And dreamily, dreamily all the day,
I mused on the calendar of the year,
The year so near and so far away,
When you were lief, and when I was dear.

Your memory has not had time to pass ;
My youth has days of its lifetime yet ;
If you only knocked at the door, alas,
My heart would open the door, Musette !
Still at your name must my sad heart beat ;
Ah Muse, ah maiden of faithlessness !
Return for a moment, and deign to eat
The bread that pleasure was wont to bless.

The tables and curtains, the chairs and all —
 Friends of our pleasure that looked on our pain —
 Are glad with the gladness of festival,
 Hoping to see you at home again ;
 Come, let the days of their mourning pass,
 The silent friends that are sad for you yet ;
 The little sofa, the great wine glass—
 For know you had often my share, Musette.

Come ! you shall wear the raiment white
 You wore of old, when the world was gay ;
 We will wander in woods of the heart's delight
 The whole of the Sunday holiday.
 Come, we will sit by the wayside inn ;
 Come, and your song will gain force to fly,
 Dipping its wing in the clear and thin
 Wine, as of old, ere it scale the sky.

Musette, who had scarcely forgotten withal
 One beautiful dawn of the new year's best,
 Returned at the end of the carnival,
 A flown bird, to a forsaken nest.
 Ah faithless and fair ! I embrace her yet,
 With no heart-beat, and with never a sigh ;
 And Musette, no longer the old Musette,
 Declares that I am no longer I.

Farewell, my dear that was once so dear,
Dead with the death of our latest love;
Our youth is laid in its sepulchre,
The calendar stands for a stone above.
'Tis only in searching the dust of the days,
The ashes of all old memories,
That we find the key of the woodland ways
That lead to the place of our paradise.

The Moon's Minion

FROM THE PROSE OF C. BAUDELAIRE

THINE eyes are like the sea, my dear—
 The wand'ring waters, green and gray;
 Thine eyes are wonderful and clear,
 And deep, and deadly, even as they;
 The spirit of the changeful sea
 Informs thine eyes at night and noon;
 She sways the tides, and the heart of thee,
 The mystic, sad, capricious moon!

The moon came down the shining stair
 Of clouds that fleck the summer sky,
 She kissed thee, saying, 'Child, be fair,
 And madden men's hearts, even as I;
 Thou shalt love all things strange and sweet,
 That know me and are known of me—
 The lover thou shalt never meet,
 The land where thou shalt never be!'

She held thee in her chill embrace,
 She kissed thee with cold lips divine ;
She left her pallor on thy face,
 That mystic ivory face of thine ;
And now I sit beside thy feet,
 And all my heart is far from thee,
Dreaming of her I shall not meet,
 And of the land I shall not see !

The Burial of Molière

AFTER J. TRUFFIER

DEAD—he is dead! The rouge has left a trace
 On that thin cheek where shone, perchance, a tear,
 Even while the people laughed that held him dear
 But yesterday. He died—and not in grace,
 And many a black-robed caitiff starts apace
 To slander him whose *Tartuffe* made them fear;
 And gold must win a passage for his bier,
 And bribe the crowd that guards his resting-place.

Ah, Molière, for that last time of all,
 Man's hatred broke upon thee, and went by,
 And did but make more fair thy funeral.
 Though in the dark they hid thee stealthily,
 Thy coffin had the cope of night for pall;
 For torch, the stars along the windy sky!

Before the Snow

AFTER ALBERT GLATIGNY

THE winter is upon us, not the snow ;
The hills are etched on the horizon bare,
The skies are iron gray ; a bitter air ;
The meagre cloudlets shudder to and fro.
One yellow leaf the listless wind doth blow
Like some strange butterfly, unclassed and rare.
Your footsteps ring in frozen alleys, where
The black trees seem to shiver as you go.

Beyond lie church and steeple, with their old
And rusty vanes that rattle as they veer ;
A sharper gust would shake them from their hold ;
Yet up that path, in summer of the year,
And past that melancholy pile we strolled
To pluck wild strawberries, with merry cheer.

Britannia

FROM JULES LEMAÎTRE

THY mouth is fresh as cherries on the bough,
 Red cherries in the dawning, and more white
 Than milk or white camellias is thy brow;
 And as the golden corn thy hair is bright,
 The corn that drinks the sun's less fair than thou;
 While through thine eyes the child-soul gazeth now—
 Eyes like the flower that was Rousseau's delight.

Sister of sad Ophelia, say, shall these
 Thy pearly teeth grow like piano keys
 Yellow and long? while thou, all skin and bone,
 Angles and morals, in a sky-blue veil,
 Shalt hosts of children to the sermon hale,
 Blare hymns, read chapters, backbite, and intone?

This erratum slip was issued with the large-paper edition of 'Ban and arrière Ban':

ERRATUM

READER, a blot hath escaped the watchfulness of the setter forth: if thou wilt thou mayst amend it. The sonnet on the forty-fourth page, against all right Italianate laws, hath but thirteen lines withal: add another to thy liking, if thou art a Maker; or, if thou art none, even be content with what is set before thee. If it be scant measure, be sure it is choicely good.

FROM THE LATIN

Poscimur

FROM HORACE

HUSH, for they call! If in the shade,
My lute, we twain have idly strayed,
And song for many a season made,
Once more reply;
Once more we'll play as we have played,
My lute and I!

Roman the song: the strain you know;
The Lesbian wrought it long ago;
Now singing as he charged the foe,
Now in the bay,
Where safe in the shore-water's flow
His galleys lay.

So sang he Bacchus and the Nine,
And Venus and her boy divine,
And Lycus of the dusky eyne,
The dusky hair;
So shalt thou sing, ah! lute of mine,
Of all things fair;

Apollo's glory! Sounding shell,
Thou lute, to Jove desirable,
When soft thine accents sigh and swell
At festival—
Delight more dear than words can tell
Attend my call!

On Chloë

FROM HORACE

MEET for maidens once was I,
Triumphs did my arms befall ;
Now behold them where they lie,
At the Seaborn's temple wall ;
Crowbar, bow, lyre, torch and all,
Bolted doors no more they fight ;
Thou that holdest Cyprus dear,
And the snowless Memphis bright,
Queen, with lifted scourge draw near,
And the pride of Chloë smite,
Once, with laughing stroke, and light.

Nugæ Catullinæ

I

FROM wandering through the nations, o'er the
wave,
Brother, I come, and stand beside thy tomb,
To give thee the death offering of the grave,
To call thee, vainly, dumb in Hades' gloom—
Oh, weary is the fortune that bereft me,
I give or gave our fathers long ago
The sad fraternal duty that is left me,
The dreary gifts unto the shades below.
Accept them, dewy with a brother's tears;
Accept the sorrow that they cannot tell,
And through the long eternity of years,
Brother, farewell, for ever fare thee well!

II

O Sirmio, eye of all the isles and capes,
Which the broad placid-bosomed lakes enfold,
Or on the mighty main the sea-god shakes,
How gladly thee again do I behold.

Scarcely can I believe that the Bithynian plain
Is far—far off, and I behold thee safe again.
For what is better than aside to lay
The cares that bind us, to lay down our load—
And wearied out with wandering far away,
To come again to our beloved abode ;
In far-off longed-for couch to sleep a happy sleep,
Taking for weary toils a respite calm and deep.

Hail, happy Sirmio, do thou hail thy lord.
Smile, pleasant waters of the Lydian lake,
Oh, laughter with melodious accord,
Happy home laughter, sweetly sounding, wake !

From Martial

MY books, my Quintian, to thee
I send—if I may call them mine—
For still your poet, who but he,
Recites them – well, if they repine,
In that their slavery do thou
Come to their rescue and befriend them,
And raise the hue and cry, and vow
The hand that wrote them now doth send them.
You'll aid them much by this relief,
And bring confusion on the thief!

Martial in Town

LAST night, within the stifling train,
Lit by the foggy lamp o'erhead,
Sick of the sad 'last news', I read
Verse of that joyous child of Spain,

Who dwelt when Rome was waxing cold,
Within the Roman din and smoke.
And like my heart to me they spoke,
These accents of his heart of old.

*Brother, had we but time to live,
And fleet the careless hours together,
With all that leisure has to give
Of perfect life and peaceful weather,*

*The rich man's halls, the anxious faces,
The weary Forum, courts, and cases
Should know us not ; but quiet nooks,
But summer shade by field and well,
But country rides, and talk of books,
At home, with these, we fain would dwell !*

*Now neither lives, but day by day
Sees the suns wasting in the west,
And feels their flight, and doth delay
To lead the life he loveth best.*

So from thy city prison broke,
Martial, thy wail for life misspent ;
And so, through London's noise and smoke
My heart replies to thy lament.

For dear as Tagus with his gold,
And swifter Salo, were to thee,
So dear to me the woods that fold
The streams that circle Fernielea !

Classics for Clubmen

ECCE, Senex Andreanus
Rubra veste cambricat ;
In arenis, ut paganus,
Fodit, frequens et profanus,
Mala verba vocitat !
Dat Morrisius consilia
‘ Carpe arenam multam ’ ; millia
Mala verba, prava, vilia,
Senex, en vociferat !

Non me decet admonere,
Magis clam peccata flere
Quam superbia gaudere
Conscientia admonet.
In sepulchro Walkinshavi
Frustra fodiens juravi,
Nunc scelestum poenitet.

In Praise of Frugality

FROM THE LATIN OF POPE LEO XIII

‘Shun Greed, Content with sparse and frugal fare’
(Epistle to Fabricius Rufus).

WHAT diet lends the strength to life, and frees
The flower of health from each malign disease,
The good Ofellus, pupil from of old
And follower of Hippocrates, has told,
Rating base gluttony with anxious air,
He thus laid down the laws of frugal fare :

‘Neatness comes first ! Be thy spare table bright
With shining dishes and with napkins white ;
Be thy Chianti unadulterate,
To cheer the heart, and raise the spirit’s weight ;
Yet trust not much the rosy god—in fine,
Be sure that you put water to your wine.
Picked be thy grain, and pure thy home-made bread,
Thy meats be delicate and dairy-fed ;
Tender, nor highly spiced thy food : nor tease
Thy taste with sauces from Ægean seas.

Fresh be thine eggs, hard-boiled, or nearly raw,
Or deftly poached, or simply served *au plat*,
'There's wit in poaching eggs', the proverb says,
And you may do them in a hundred ways.

'Nor shun the bowl of foamy milk that feeds
The infant, and may serve the senior's needs:
Next on the board be heaven's gift, honey—placed,
And, sparing, of Hyblæan nectar taste:
Pulses and salads on thy guests bestow—
Even in suburban gardens salads grow—
Add chosen fruits, whate'er the times afford;
Let rose-red apples crown the rustic board.
Last comes the beverage of the Orient shore,
Mecca, far-off, the fragrant berries bore;
Taste the dark fluid with a dainty lip,
Digestion waits on pleasure as you sip.
Such are my precepts for a diet sage
That leads thee safely to a green old age.'

But wise Ofellus still would sagely say:
'The path of Greed lies quite the other way,
That cruel, shameless siren only cares
To trap men's feet, and spread her shining snares;
These are her arts—to bid the table shine
With varied ornaments and purple fine;

Embroidered napkins impudently glow,
The cups are ordered in a gleaming row ;
Goblets and beakers, bronze and silver plate,
And fragrant flowers the table decorate.
With these, and seeming hospitable word,
She draws her guests incautious to the board ;
On couches bids the languid limbs recline,
And brings forth beakers of her choicest wine,
What Coan vineyards or Falernian yield,
And juices of the Amyclæan field.
With such liqueurs as anxious art distils
From various juices, dainty cups she fills ;
Rivals in greed devour the juicy cates,
And guest with guest in drinking emulates.
In oil and spice a boar Lucanian swims ;
Geese lend their livers, hares their tender limbs,
Midst ortolans, and doves as white as snow ;
Flesh mixed with fish, and clams with oysters show ;
The mighty plate a huge Murena fills,
Swimming attended by a shoal of squills.

‘ The gaping guests adore and, feeding fine,
Feast to disgust, and soak themselves in wine.
Replete with wine and food and angry, all
Arise, and fight like furies in the hall ;
Of fisticuffs they take their eager fill,
At last, with wine and meat o’ercome, are still.

‘Greed laughs triumphant in her cruel glee,
And drowns her guests like sailors in the sea.
Fell indignation now her work begins,
The liver finds the sinners in their sins.
Languid, perspiring, tortured, timid, they
With limbs that totter take their devious way,
With tongues that stammer, and with faces pale.
But Greed would yet more potently prevail:
The broken, battered body is her own;
What if the soul herself were overthrown,
And bound to earth in Greed’s unholy snare
That we inherit of diviner air?
Then, if she might, her flood she fain would roll
E’en o’er the embers of the immortal soul.’

[The royalist general Sir James Turner, published his *Pallas Armata*, a treatise on military tactics, in 1683, placing on the title-page the singular motto—*Plures necat gula quam gladius*;—‘Gluttony claims more lives than the sword’.]

To Daniel Elzevir

FROM THE LATIN OF MÉNAGE

WHAT do I see! Oh gods divine
And goddesses—this book of mine,—
This child of many hopes and fears—
Is published by the Elzevirs!
Oh perfect publishers complete!
Oh dainty volume, new and neat!
The paper doth outshine the snow;
The print is blacker than the crow;
The title-page, with crimson bright,
The vellum cover smooth and white,
All sorts of readers do invite;
Ay, and will keep them reading still,
Against their will, or with their will!
Thus what of grace the rhymes may lack
The publisher has given them back,
As milliners adorn the fair
Whose charms are something skimp and spare.
Oh *dulce decus*, Elzevirs!
The pride of dead and dawning years,

How can a poet best repay
The debt he owes your house to-day?
May this round world, while aught endures,
Applaud, and buy, these books of yours.
May purchasers incessant pop,
My Elzevirs, within your shop;
And learned bards salute, with cheers,
The volumes of the Elzevirs,
Till your renown fills earth and sky;
Till men forget the Stephani,
And all that Aldus wrought, and all
Turnebus sold in shop or stall;
While still may fate's (and binders) shears
Respect, and spare, the Elzevirs.

FROM THE GREEK

The Song of Orpheus

FROM THE ORPHIC ARGONAUTICA

SLEEP! king of gods and men!

Come to my call again,

Swift over field and fen,

Mountain and deep;

Come, bid the waves be still;

Sleep, streams on height and hill;

Beasts, birds, and snakes, thy will

Conquereth, Sleep.

Come on thy golden wings,

Come ere the swallow sings,

Lulling all living things,

Fly they or creep!

Come with thy leaden wand;

Come with thy kindly hand,

Soothing on sea or land

Mortals that weep.

Come from the cloudy west,

Soft over brain and breast,

Bidding the dragon rest,

Come to me, Sleep.

On his Dead Sea-mew

BIRD of the graces, dear sea-mew, whose note
Was like the halcyon's song,
In death thy wings and thy sweet spirit float
Still paths of the night along!

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE

Tomb of a shipwrecked seafarer am I;
But thou, sail on!
For homeward safe did other vessels fly,
Though we were gone.

From Meleager

I LOVE not the wine-cup ; but if thou art fain
I should drink, do thou taste it, and bring it to me ;
If it touch but thy lips it were hard to refrain,
It were hard from the sweet maid who bears it, to flee ;
For the cup ferries over the kisses, and plain
Does it speak of the grace that was lent it by thee.

Spring

AFTER MELEAGER

NOW the bright crocus flames, and now
The slim narcissus takes the rain,
And, straying o'er the mountain's brow
The daffodilies bud again.

The thousand blossoms wax and wane
On wold, and heath, and fragrant bough ;
But fairer than the flowers art thou—
Than any growth of hill or plain.

Ye gardens, cast your leafy crown,
That my love's feet may tread it down,
Like lilies on the lilies set ;
My love, whose lips are softer far
Than drowsy poppy petals are,
And sweeter than the violet !

Bion

THE wail of Moschus on the mountains crying
The Muses heard, and loved it long ago ;
They heard the hollows of the hills replying,
They heard the weeping water's overflow ;
They winged the sacred strain — the song undying,
The song that all about the world must go—
When poets for a poet dead are sighing,
The minstrels for a minstrel friend laid low.

And dirge to dirge that answers, and the weeping
For Adonais by the summer sea ;
The plaints for Lycidas and Thyrsis sleeping
Far from ' the forest ground called Thessaly ') ;
These hold thy memory, Bion, in their keeping,
And are but echoes of the moan for thee.

On the Garland sent to Rhodocleia

RUFINUS

GOLDEN EYES

‘**A**H, Golden Eyes, to win you yet,
I bring mine April coronet,
The lovely blossoms of the spring;
For you I weave, to you I bring
These roses with the lilies set,
The dewy dark-eyed violet,
Narcissus, and the wind-flower wet:
Wilt thou disdain mine offering?
Ah, Golden Eyes!

Crowned with thy lover’s flowers, forget
The pride wherein thy heart is set;
For thou, like these or anything,
Hast but a moment of thy spring,
Thy spring, and then—the long regret!
Ah, Golden Eyes!’

Triolets after Moschus

Αἶκι τὰι μαλαχαὶ μὲν ἔπ' ἂν κατὰ κάπον ολῶνται
 ὑστερον αὖ ζῶντι καὶ εἰς ἔτος ἄλλο φύοντι·
 ἄμμες δ' οἱ μεγάλοι καὶ καρτεροί, οἱ σοφοὶ ἄνδρες
 ὅπποτε πρᾶτα θανῶμες, ἀνακοοὶ ἐν χθονὶ κοίλα
 εὐδομέες εὖ μαλα μακρὸν ἀτέρμονα νηγρετον ὕπνον.

ALAS, for us no second spring,
 Like mallows in the garden-bed ;
 For these the grave has lost his sting.

Alas, for *us* no second spring,
 Who sleep without awakening,
 And, dead, for ever more are dead.
 Alas, for us no second spring,
 Like mallows in the garden-bed !

Alas, the strong, the wise, the brave,
 That boast themselves the sons of men !
 Once they go down into the grave—
 Alas, the strong, the wise, the brave—
 They perish and have none to save ;
 They are sown, and are not raised again ;
 Alas, the strong, the wise, the brave,
 That boast themselves the sons of men !

Iliad XXIV, 468

THEN Priam came upon them suddenly,
And kneeling did he touch Achilles' knees,
Kissing the hands that bade his children die—
The dreadful hands of slaughter, kissing these—
And as amazement upon men doth fall
When one breaks in upon their festival,
One that hath slain his man at home and flies
The blood-avenger, over lands and seas—

Even so they gazed ; but Priam prayed and said,
‘ Remember thine own father, seeing me,
For both are of like age, and both are sped
Even to the threshold of white age ; but he
Perchance hath neighbours that entreat him sore,
And none there is to help him in the war—
Yet joys he in his son's great godlihead
And lives each day in hope to welcome thee

Returning from Troy-town : but now, alas,
For me that had full fifty sons—mine own—
Or ere ye landed : it is come to pass
That Ares hath the more part overthrown.
But one, that was my comfort and my joy,
Hector, the very pride and prop of Troy,
One that the bulwark of his brethren was,
Him hast thou slain, and I am left alone !

And for his sake it is I come to thee,
To ransom him ; so thus the gods revere
Thinking of thine own sire, and pity me !
More piteous thing than this thou shalt not hear—
For I have borne what never man hath done
To kiss the hands of him that slew my son—
So take thy price and let thine anger be,
And give me back the body that was so dear !

From Athenæus

SHE clothed her in the raiment that the Hours
And Graces wrought, and bathed in summer flowers,
In all the blossoms that the seasons bring,
Crocus, sweet roses, violets of the spring,
Narcissus, hyacinth, and lilies glad ;
With scent of these was Aphrodite clad.

The Cloud Chorus

FROM ARISTOPHANES

Socrates speaks.

HITHER, come hither, ye Clouds renowned, and
unveil yourselves here ;
Come, though ye dwell on the sacred crests of Olympian
snow,
Or whether ye dance with the Nereid choir in the gardens
clear,
Or whether your golden urns are dipped in Nile's
overflow,
Or whether you dwell by Mæotis mere
Or the snows of Mimas, arise ! appear !
And hearken to us, and accept our gifts ere ye rise
and go.

The Clouds sing.

Immortal Clouds from the echoing shore
Of the father of streams, from the sounding sea,
Dewy and fleet, let us rise and soar.
Dewy and gleaming, and fleet are we !

Let us look on the tree-clad mountain crest,
On the sacred earth where the fruits rejoice,
On the waters that murmur east and west
On the tumbling sea with his moaning voice.
For unwearied glitters the eye of the Air,
And the bright rays gleam ;
Then cast we our shadows of mist, and fare
In our deathless shapes to glance everywhere
From the height of the heaven, on the land and air,
And the ocean stream.

Let us on, ye maidens that bring the rain,
Let us gaze on Pallas' citadel,
In the country of Cecrops, fair and dear
The mystic land of the holy cell,
Where the rites unspoken securely dwell,
And the gifts of the gods that know not stain,
And a people of mortals that know not fear.
For the temples tall, and the statues fair,
And the feasts of the gods are holiest there,
The feasts of Immortals, the chaplets of flowers,
And the Bromian mirth at the coming of spring,
And the musical voices that fill the hours,
And the dancing feet of the maids that sing !

THE LITTLE GARLAND

Sea Dirge

ARCHIAS OF BYZANTIUM

CRUSHED by the waves upon the crag was I,
 Who still must hear these waves among the dead,
 Breaking and brawling on the promontory,
 Sleepless; and sleepless is my weary head!
 For me did strangers bury on the coast
 Within the hateful hearing of the deep,
 Nor death, that lulleth all, can lull my ghost,
 One sleepless soul among the souls that sleep!

The Age of Wisdom

PHILODEMUS OF GADARA

‘**I** HAVE loved!’ ‘And who hath not?’ ‘Have
revelled!’ ‘And who

Is untaught in the rites of the revel?’ ‘Nay, more,
I’ve been frenzied!’ ‘And who but God taught thee
to do

What thou didst?’ ‘Well, ’tis gone, and the love-
locks are hoar!

The gray locks are heralds of wisdom, we played

In the season for play, it is over and past;

And now that it’s ended, let’s all, undismayed,

Take the teaching of time, and be sober at last!’

Cleopantis

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

CLEOPHANTIS is late, and the third lamp I lighted
 In the socket is sobbing and wasting away ;
 Ah, would that the flame of the heart unrequited
 Might fade with the love lamp, and die ere the day !
 Ah, would that I burned not in fruitless desires ;
 But by Cypris she swore that e'er Hesper began
 To flood the soft night with his amorous fires,
 She would come : nay, she recks not of god nor of
 man !

Nicarete

UNCERTAIN

SHE that of old spun with Athene wise,
Nicareté,
Hath burned her looms and webs in sacrifice,
Cypris, to thee!
‘Begone!’ she cries, ‘ye starveling works that wasted
Our flower in spring,’
And garlands hath she ta’en, and lyre, and hasted
With them that sing:
And merrily she lives in love and pleasure,
And still a tithe
Of all her gain she vows, in honest measure,
To Cypris blythe!

The Spinning Woman

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

MORNING and evening, sleep she drove away,
 Old Platthis, warding hunger from the door,
 And still to wheel and distaff hummed her lay

Hard by the gates of eld, and bent and hoar:
 Plying her loom until the dawn was gray,

The long course of Athene did she tread:
 With withered hand by withered knee she spun

Sufficient for the loom of goodly thread,
 'Till all her work and all her days were done.

And in her eightieth year she saw the wave
 Of Acheron—old Platthis—kind and brave.

From Diotimus (or Leonidas)

THE hapless cattle from the hill-side came,
Late and self-herded, beaten on by snow,
But ah, the herdsman sleepeth, where the flame
Of heaven beneath the oak-tree laid him low.

Heracitus

CALLIMACHUS

ONE told me, Heracitus, of thy fate ;
 He brought me tears, he brought me memories ;
 Alas, my Carian friend, how oft, how late,
 We twain have talked the sun adown the skies,
 And somewhere thou art dust without a date !
 But of thy songs death maketh not his prize,
 In death's despite, that stealeth all, they wait,
 The new year's nightingale that never dies !

Gifts

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

THREE maidens, Pallas, give their gifts to thee.
The slender woof can they like spiders spin;
Demo her basket brings, Arsinoë
The distaff whence the thread falls fine and thin,
And Bacchylis the shuttle that doth sing—
A busy nightingale among the thread;
For pure, and far from every shameful thing,
These maidens maidenly would win their bread!

Changeful Beauty

ANONYMOUS

W HETHER I find thee bright with fair,
Or still as bright with raven hair,
With equal grace thy tresses shine,
Ah, queen, and love will dwell divine
In these thy locks, on that far day,
When gold or sable turns to gray!

Rhodanthe

AGATHIAS

WEEPING and wakeful all the night I lie,
And with the dawn the grace of sleep is near ;
But swallows flit about me with their cry,
And banish drowsihead and bring the tear.
Mine eyes must still be weeping, for the dear
Thought of Rhodanthe stirs in memory ;
Ye chattering foes have done ! it was not I
Who silenced Philomel : go, seek the sheer

Clefts of the hills, and wail for Itylus
Or clamour from the hoopoe's craggy nest,
But let sweet sleep an hour abide with us ;
Perchance a dream may come, and we be blest ;
A dream may make Rhodanthe piteous,
And bring us to that haven of her breast.

The Prophet

ANTIPHILUS

I KNEW it in your childish grace
The dawning of desire.
'Who lives', I said, 'will see that face
Set all the world on fire!'
They mocked; but time has brought to pass
The saying over-true;
Prophet and martyr now, alas,
I burn for truth—and you!

Lais

POMPEIUS

L AIS that bloomed for all the world's delight,
Crowned with all love lilies, the fair and dear,
Sleeps the predestined sleep, nor knows the flight
Of Helios, the gold-reined charioteer :
Revel, and kiss, and love, and hate, one night
Darkens, that never lamp of love may cheer !

Clearista

MELEAGER

FOR Death, not for Love, hast thou
Loosened thy zone !
Flutes filled thy bower but now,
Morning brings moan !
Maids round thy bridal bed
Hushed are in gloom,
Torches to love that led
Light to the tomb !

The Fisherman's Tomb

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

THERIS the Old ; the waves that harvested
More keen than birds that labour in the sea,
With spear and net, by shore and rocky bed,
Not with the well-manned galley laboured he ;
Him not the star of storms, nor sudden sweep
Of wind with all his years hath smitten and bent,
But in his hut of reeds he fell asleep,
As fades a lamp when all the oil is spent :
This tomb nor wife nor children raised, but we
His fellow-toilers, fishers of the sea.

Of his Death

MELEAGER

AH Love, my master! hear me swear
 By all the locks of Timo's hair,
 By Demo, and that fragrant spell
 Wherewith her body doth enchant
 Such dreams as drowsy lovers haunt;
 By Ilias' mirth delectable,
 And by the lamp that sheds his light
 On love and lovers all the night.
 By those, ah Love! I swear that thou
 Hast left me but one breath, and now
 Upon my lips it fluttereth.
 Yet *this* I'll yield, my latest breath,
 Even this, oh Love! for thee to Death.

Rhodope

RUFINUS

THOU hast Hera's eyes, thou hast Pallas' hands,
And the feet of the queen of the yellow sands ;
Thou hast beautiful Aphrodite's breast,
Thou art made of each goddess's loveliest !
Happy is he who sees thy face,
Happy who hears thy words of grace,
And he that shall kiss thee is half divine,
But a god who shall win that heart of thine !

To a Girl

ASCLEPIADES

BELIEVE me, love, it is not good
To hoard a mortal maidenhood;
In Hades thou wilt never find,
Maiden, a lover to thy mind;
Love's for the living! presently
Ashes and dust in death are we!

To the Ships

MELEAGER

O GENTLE ships that skim the seas,
And cleave the strait where Hellé fell,
Catch in your sails the northern breeze,
And speed to Cos, where she doth dwell,
My love, and see you greet her well!
And if she looks across the blue,
Speak, gentle ships, and tell her true,
‘He comes, for love hath brought him back,
No sailor, on the landward tack’.

If thus, oh gentle ships, ye do,
Then may ye win the fairest gales,
And swifter speed across the blue,
While Zeus breathes friendly on your sails.

Sappho

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

SAPPHO thou coverest, Æolian land !
 The Muse who died,
 Who with the deathless Muses, hand in hand,
 Sang, side by side !
 Sappho, at once of Cypris and of Love
 The child and care ;
 Sappho, that those immortal garlands wove
 For the Muses' hair !
 Sappho, the joy of Hellas, and *thy* crown.
 Ye Sisters dread,
 Who spin for mortals from the distaff down
 The threefold thread,
 Why span ye not for her unending days,
 Unsetting sun—
 For her who wrought the imperishable lays
 Of Helicon ?

Erinna

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

BRIEF is Erinna's song—her lowly lay,
Yet there the Muses sing;
Therefore her memory doth not pass away,
Hid by Night's shadowy wing!
But we – new countless poets—heaped and hurled
All in oblivion lie;
Better the swan's chant than a windy world
Of rooks in the April sky!

A Late Convert

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

I THAT in youth had never been
The servant of the Paphian queen;
I that in youth had never felt
The shaft of Eros pierce and melt,
Cypris! in later age, half gray,
I bow the neck to *thee* to-day.
Pallas, that was my lady, thou
Dost more triumphant vanquish now
Than when thou gainedst, over seas,
The apple of the Hesperides.

The Limit of Life

THIRTY-SIX is the term that the prophets assign,
And the students of stars, to the years that are
mine ;

Nay, let thirty suffice, for the man who hath passed
Thirty years is a Nestor, and *he* died at last !

Winter Roses

CY MAGORAS

OF old we roses bloomed in spring ;
To-day our crimson cups we bring,
In deep midwinter opening.

To this thy birthday have we sped,
That brings thee near thy bridal bed.
Better to die thus garlanded,

To perish ere the spring's begun,
About thy brows, thou fairest one,
Than live and see the April sun.

The Wayside Well

LEONIDAS

NOT where the sultry pool is fouled by sheep
Drink, wayfarer ; but climb a little way,
By yonder pastoral pine above the steep,
The grassy hillock where the heifers stray :
There shalt thou find the snow-cold springs that leap
Forth from the rock, and babble through the day.

To the Nymphs

MOERO

NYMPHS of Anigrus, daughters of the wave,
Whose rosy feet still tread these deeps divine,
Hail ye! and help Cleonymus, who gave
Your statues, goddesses, beneath the pine.

The Talisman

ANONYMOUS

THE wryneck, bird of Nico, that of old
Had magic to draw lovers over sea,
Or girls from bridal bowers, bedecked with gold,
Carved in clear amethyst, I give to thee,
Cypris, a talisman that shall be thine;
And bound about its middle is a tress
Of purple lambs'-wool, soft and dainty fine,
Gift of the Larissæan sorceress.

To Pan and the Nymphs

ANYTE

TO farmyard nymphs and to the bristly Pan,
This gift gave Theudotos; for in the heat
They stayed him once, an over-wearied man,
And in their hands brought water honey-sweet

To Demeter and the Hours

ZONAS

TO Deo of the fan, to you
Whose feet are in the furrows set,
Fair Hours, Heronax gives his due.
Little hath he, and less ye get :
A few ears from the threshing floor,
And, on a tripod, scattered seed
Scant from the scanty ; slender store
Wins he from barren mountain mead.

To Aphrodite of the Fair Voyage

GÆTULICUS

GODDESS of the shores, to thee
Cakes and tiny gifts I bring,
Who shall tempt the Ionian sea,
O'er the wide wave voyaging.
To Eidothea sail I fast,
Shine thou then with kindly power
On my love as on my mast,
Queen of beach and bridal bower.

To the Sea

ASCLEPIADES

FATHOMS five keep thou from me,
High wash of the stormy sea.
There by day, and there by night,
Roar and rage with all thy might.
If this grave of Eumares
Be invaded by the seas,
Little wealth they'll find therein—
Dust and bones are all they'll win.

Demy Garlands

ASCLEPIADES

THERE hang, my garlands, by her gate,
 My love's gate wreathing o'er :
 Nor cast your blossoms now, but wait
 Until she opes the door ;
 Then, dank with dew love's eyes have shed,
 Fall, petals drenched in brine ;
 That so, at least, her golden head
 May drink these tears of mine.

Telling the Bees

ANONYMOUS

NAIADS, and ye pastures cold,
When the bees return with spring,
Tell them that Leucippus old
Perished in his hare-hunting,
Perished on a winter night.
Now no more shall he delight
In the hives he used to tend,
But the valley and the height
Mourn a neighbour and a friend.

Heliodore

MELEAGER

POUR wine, and cry, again, again, again,
To Heliodore!

And mingle the sweet word ye call in vain
 With that ye pour:

And bring to me her wreath of yesterday,
 That's dank with myrrh;

Hesternæ rosæ, ah, my friends! but they
 Remember her.

Lo! the kind roses, loved of lovers, weep,
 As who repine;

For if on any breast they see her sleep,
 It is not mine.

A Good-night

MOERIS kissed me her good-night,
Did I dream it, did she kiss?
All the rest I know aright,
All she did and said, but *this*.
Did she really kiss me, though?
That I doubt; the rest is plain,
Did I dwell with gods, who go
Mortal, now, on earth again?

Heliodore Dead

MELEAGER

TEARS for my lady dead,
 Heliodore!
 Salt tears and ill to shed,
 Over and o'er.
 Tears for my lady dead,
 Sighs do we send,
 Long love rememberèd,
 Mistress and friend.
 Sad are the songs we sing,
 Tears that we shed,
 Empty the gifts we bring,
 Gifts to the dead.
 Go tears, and go lament!
 Fare from her tomb,
 Wend where my lady went,
 Down through the gloom.

Ah, for my flower, my love,
Hades hath taken !

Ah for the dust above,
Scattered and shaken !

Mother of all things born,
Earth, in thy breast
Lull her that all men mourn
Gently to rest !

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